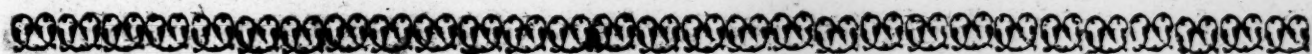


# HERO AND LEANDER:

Begunne by CHRISTOPHER  
MARLOE, *and finished by*  
George Chapman.

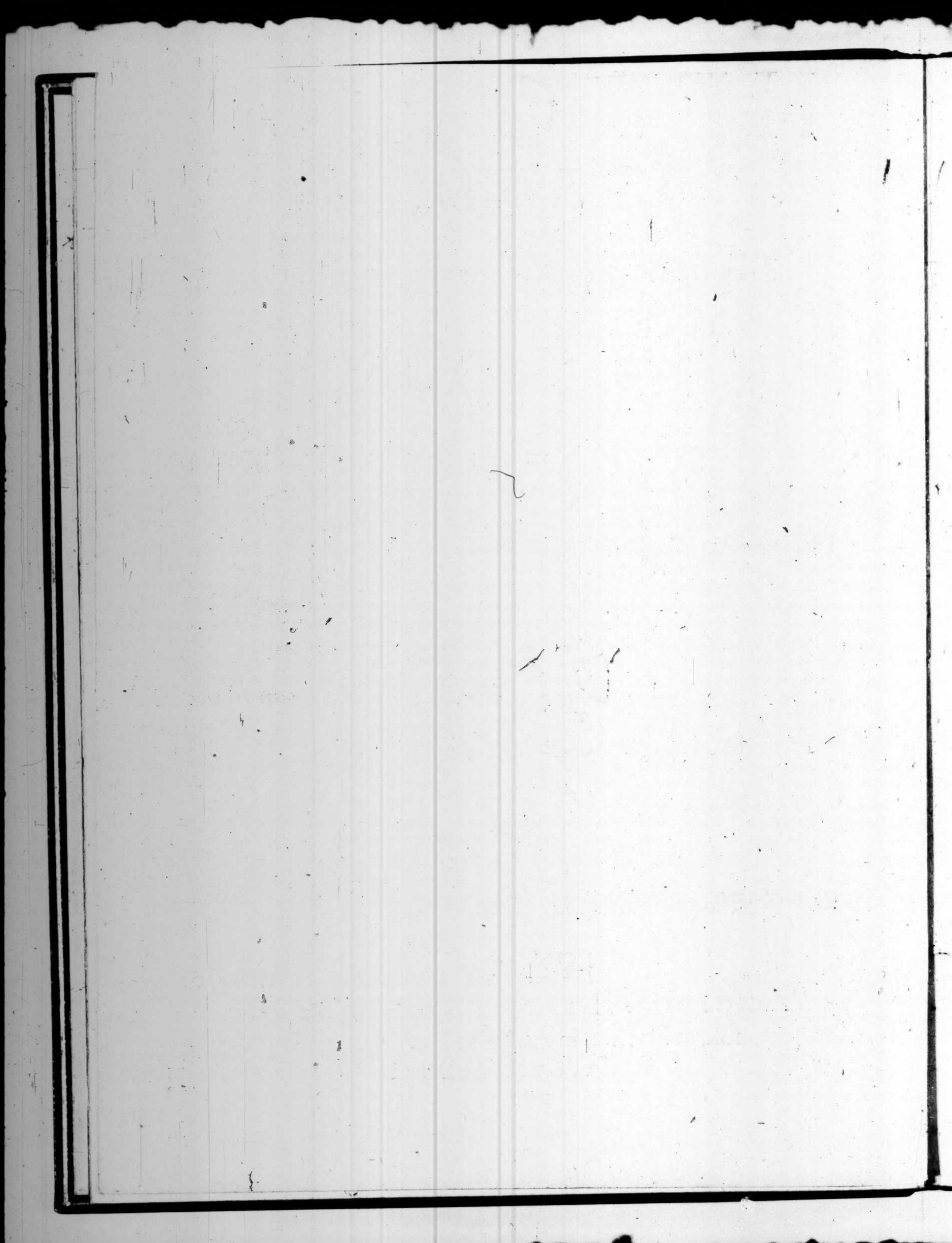
*Vt Nectar, Ingenium.*



LONDON,

Printed by G. P. for Edward Blount, and are to be  
sold at his shop in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the  
signe of the blacke Beare.

1617.







To the right **W**orship-  
full, Sir *Thomas Walsingham*  
KNIGHT.



*Ir, we thinke our selues discharged  
of the duety wee owe to our friend,  
when we haue brought the breath-  
lesse body to the earth : for albeit  
the eye there taketh his euer fare-  
well of that beloued object, yet the  
impression of the man, that hath  
bin deare vnto vs, liuing an after-  
life in our memory, there putteth vs in minde of farther obse-  
quies due vnto the deceased. And namely, of the performance  
of whatsoeuer wee may iudge shall make to his liuing credite,  
and to the effecting of his determinations preuented by the  
stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectuall  
will) I suppose my selfe Executor to the vnbappy deceased Au-  
thor of this Poeme, vpon whom, knowing that in his life time  
you bestowed many kind fauours, entertaining the parts of rec-  
koning and worth which you found in him, with good counte-  
nance and liberall affection, I cannot but see so farre into the*

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

will of him dead, that whatsoeuer issue of his braine should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take, might be the gentle ayre of your liking: for since his selfe had beene accustomed thereto, it would prooue more agreeable and thriving to his right children, then any other foster countenance whatsoeuer. At this time, seeing that this unfinished Tragedie happens vnder my hands to be imprinted, of a double dutie, the one to your selfe, the other to the deceased. I present the same to your most fauourable allowance, offering my utmost selfe now and euer to be readie at your Worships disposing.

E. B.





# Hero and Leander.

## The Argument of the First S E S T Y A D.

*Heroes description and her Loue,  
The Phane of Venus, where he moues,  
His worthy Loue-sute, and attaines,  
whose blisse the wrath of Fates restraines,  
For Cupids grace to Mercury,  
which tale the Author doth imply.*



**I**N Hellespont guilty of true loues blood,  
In view and opposit two Cities stood,  
Seaborders, disioin'd by Neptunes might,  
The one *Abydos*, the other *Sestos* hight.  
At *Sestos* *Hero* dwelt, *Hero* the faire,  
Whom young *Apolla* courted for her haire,  
And offered as a dower his burning throne,  
Where she should sit for men to gaze vpon.  
The outside of her garments were of lawne,  
The lining, purple silke, with guilt starres drawne,  
Her wide sleeues greene, and bordered with a groue,  
Where *Venus* in her naked glory stroue,  
To please the carelesse and disdainfull eyes  
Of proud *Adonis* that before her lyes:  
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a staine,  
Made vvith the bloud of vvretched louers slaine.

## *Hero and Leander.*

Vpon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,  
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.  
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaues,  
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceiues.  
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,  
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast.  
And there for hony, Bees haue sought in vaine,  
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.  
About her necke hung chaines of peble stone,  
Which lightned by her necke, like Diamons shone.  
She ware no gloues, for neither sunne nor wind,  
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,  
Or warme or coole them, for they tooke delite,  
To play vpon those hands, they were so white;  
Buskins of shels, all filuered vsed she,  
And brancht with blushing Corall to the knee,  
Where Sparrowes pearcht, of hollow pearle & gold,  
Such as the world would wonder to behold:  
Those with sweet water oft her handmayd fils,  
Which as she went would cherup through the bils.  
Some say for her the fairest *Cupid* pin'd;  
And looking in her face was stricken blind,  
But this is true, so like was one the other,  
As he imagin'd *Hero* was her mother,  
And oftentimes into her Bosome flew,  
About her naked necke his bare armes threw,  
And laid his childish head vpon her brest,

And



## *Hero and Leander.*

And with still panting rocke, there tooke his rest.  
So louely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,  
As Nature wept, thinking she was vndone,  
Because she tooke more from her then she left,  
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft ;  
Therefore in signe her treasure suffred wracke,  
Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the world been blacke.  
*Amorous Leander*, beautifull and young,  
(Whose tragedy diuine *Musaeus* sung)  
Dwelt at *Abydus*, since him dwelt there none,  
For whom, succeeding times may greater mone.  
His dandling tresses that were neuer shorne,  
Had they been cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,  
Would haue allur'd the ventrous youth of *Greece*,  
To hazard more then for the golden fleece.  
Faire *Cynthia* wisht his armes might be her sphere,  
Griefe makes her pale because she moues not there.  
His body was as straight as *Circes* wand,  
*Ioue* might haue sipt out *Nectar* from his hand:  
Euen as delicious meat is to the taste,  
So was his necke in touching, and surpast  
The white of *Pelops* shoulder, I could tell yee,  
How smooth his brest was, and how white his belly,  
And whose immortall fingers did imprint  
- That heavenly path, with many a curious dint,  
That runs along his backe; but my rude pen  
Can hardly blazon forth the loues of men.

Much

## *Hero and Leander.*

Much lesse of powerfull gods, let it suffice,  
That my slacke Muse must sing of *Leanders* eyes.  
These orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his  
That leapt into the water for a kisse  
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,  
Dyed ere he could enioy the loue of any.  
Had wilde *Hippolitus* *Leander* seene,  
Enamored of his beauty had he beene,  
His presence made the rudest paisant melt,  
That in the vast vplandish country dwelt,  
The barbarous *Thracian* souldier mou'd with nought  
Was mou'd with him, and for his fauour sought.  
Some swore he was a mayd in mans attire,  
For in his lookes were all that men desire,  
A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye,  
A brow for Loue to banquet royally,  
And such as knew he was a man, would say,  
*Leander*, thou art made for amorous play,  
Why art thou not in Loue, and lou'd of all?  
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.  
The men of wealthy *Sestos* euery yeere,  
For his sake whom their Goddesse held so deare,  
Rose-checkt *Adonis* kept a solemne feast,  
Thither resorted many a wandred guest,  
To meet their loues, such as had none at all,  
Came Louers home from this great festiuall.  
For euery street like to a Firmament,



## *Hero and Leander.*

Glistered with breathing stars, who, where they went  
Frighted the Melancholy earth, which deem'd,  
Eternall heauen to burne, for so it seem'd,  
As if another *Phaeton* had got  
The guidance of the sunnes rich chariot.  
But farre aboue the loueliest *Hero* shin'd,  
And stole away th'inchanted gazers mind:  
For like Sea nimphs inueigling harmony,  
So was her beauty to the standers by.  
Nor that night wandring pale and watry starre,  
(When yawning Dragons draw her thirling carre,  
From *Latmus* mount vp to the gloomy skie,  
Where crown'd with blazing light and maiestie  
She proudly sits,) more ouer-rules the flood,  
Than she the hearts of those that neere her stood.  
Euen as, when gawdy Nimphes pursue the chase,  
Wretched ~~Exions~~ shaggy-footed race,  
Incenst with sauage heate, gallop amaine,  
From steepe Pine bearing mountaines to the plaine:  
So ran the people forth to gaze vpon her,  
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.  
And as in fury of a dreadfull fight,  
Their fellowes being flaine, or put to flight,  
Poore soldiers stand with feare of death dead strook  
So at her presence all surprizd and taken,  
Awayt the sentence of her scornefull eyes:  
He whom she fauours liues, the other dyes.

B

There

## *Hero and Leander.*

There might you see one sigh, another rage,  
And some (their violent passions to assuage)  
Compile sharpe Satyrs, but alas too late,  
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate,  
And many seeing great Princes were denyed,  
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her, dyed.  
On this feast day, ô cursed day and hower,  
Went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from her tower  
To *Venus* temple, where vnhappily,  
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy,  
So faire a Church as this had *Venus* none,  
The wals were of discoloured Iasper stone,  
Wherein was *Proteus* caru'd, and ouer head  
A liuely vine of greene sea agget spread,  
Where by one hand light-headed *Bacchus* hung,  
And with the other, wine from grapes out-wrung.  
Of Crystall shining faire, the pauement was,  
The towne of *Sestos*, call'd it *Venus* glasse:  
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,  
Committing headdy ryots, incest, rapes,  
For know, that vnderneath this radiant flower  
Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen tower,  
*Ioue* slyly stealing from his sisters bed,  
To dally with *Idalian Ganimed*;  
And for his loue *Europa* bellowing lowd,  
And tumbling with the Rain-bow in a cloud:  
Bloud-quaffing *Mars* heauing the yron net,

Which



## *Hero and Leander.*

Which limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* set :  
Loue kindling fire, to burne such townes as *Troy*,  
*Siluanus* weeping for the louely boy,  
That now is turn'd into a Cyprest tree,  
Vnder whose shade the Wood-gods loue to be.  
And in the midst a siluer altar stood,  
There *Hero* sacrificing Turtles blood,  
Tayl'd to the ground, vailing her eye-lids close,  
And modestly they opened as she rose.  
Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head,  
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.  
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,  
Till with the fire that from his countenance blazed,  
Relenting *Hero's* gentle heart was strooke,  
*Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.*

It lies not in our power to loue or hate,  
For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by Fate :  
When two are stript long ere the course begin,  
We wish that one should lose, the other winne.  
And one especially do we affect,  
Of two gold Ingots like in each respect,  
The reason no man knowes, let it suffice,  
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.  
Where both delibrat, the loue is flight.  
Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly prayd :  
Chast *Hero*, to her selfe thus softly sayd ;

## *Hero and Leander.*

Were I the Saint he worships, I would heare him :  
And as she spake those words, came somewhat neere  
He started vp, she blusht as one asham'd, (him.  
Wherewith *Leander* much more was inflam'd.  
He toucht her hand, in touching it she trembled,  
*Loue deeply groundd, hardly is dissembled.*  
These louers parled by the touch of hands.  
True loue is mute and oft amazed stands.  
Thus while dumb signs their yielding harts entagled,  
The ayre with sparkles of liuing fire was spangled,  
And night deepe drencht in misty *Acheron*,  
Heav'd vp her head, and halfe the world vpon,  
Breath'd darknesse forth ( darke night is *Cupids* day,)  
And now begins *Leander* to display  
Loves holy fire, with words, with sighes, and teares,  
Which like sweet musicke entred *Heroes* eares :  
And yet at euery word she turn'd aside,  
And alwayes cut him off as he replide.  
At last, like to a bold sharpe Sophister,  
With chearefull hope thus he accosted her.  
Faيرة creature, let me speake without offence,  
I would my rude words had the influence,  
To lead thy thoughts as thy faيرة looks do mine,  
Then shouldst thou be his Prisoner who is thine.  
Be not vnkind and faيرة: mishapen stuffe  
Are of behauiours boisterous and ruffe.  
O shun me not, but heare me ere you goe,

God



## *Hero and Leander.*

God knowes I cannot force loue as you doe.  
My words shall be as spotlesse as my youth,  
Full of simplicity and naked truth.  
This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending,  
From *Venus* altar to your footsteps bending)  
Doth testifie that you exceed her farre,  
To whom you offer, and whose Nunne you are.  
Why should you worship her? her you surpass,  
As much as sparkling Diamonds flaring glasse.  
A Diamond set in lead, his worth retaines,  
A heauenly Nymph belov'd of humane swaines,  
Receiues no blemish, but oft-times more grace,  
Which makes me hope although I am but base,  
Base in respect of thee, diuine and pure,  
Dutifull seruice may thy loue procure,  
And I in duety will excell all other,  
As thou in beauty doest exceed loues mother.  
Nor heauen nor thou were made to gaze vpon:  
As heauen preserues all things, so saue thou one.  
A stately builded ship, well rigg'd and tall,  
The Ocean maketh more maiesticall:  
Why vowest thou then to liue in *Sestos* here,  
Who on Loues seas more glorious wouldst appeare?  
Like vntun'd golden strings all women are,  
Which long time lye vntouch't will harshly iarre.  
Vessels of brasse oft handled, brightly shine,  
What difference betwixt the richest Mine,

## *Hero and Leander.*

And basest mold, but vse? for both not vs'd,  
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'd,  
When Misers keepe it, being put to lone,  
In time it will returne vs two for one.  
Rich robes, themselves and others do adorne,  
Neither themselves nor others, if not worne.  
Who builds a Palace, and rams vp the gate,  
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.  
Ah simple *Hero*, learne thy selte to cherish.  
Lone women like to empty houses perish;  
Lesse sins the poore-rich man that starues himselfe,  
In heaping vp a masse of drossy pelfe,  
Than such as you, his golden earth remaines,  
Which after his decease some other gaines.  
But this faire gem sweet, in the losse alone,  
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none,  
Or if it could, downe from th'enameld skie,  
All heauen would come to claime this legacie,  
And with intestine broyles the world destroy,  
And quite confound natures sweet harmony.  
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,  
We humane creatures should enioy that blis;  
One is no number, mayds are nothing then,  
Without the sweet society of men.  
Wilt thou liue single still? one shalt thou be,  
Though neuer-singling *Hymen* couple thee.  
Wild Sauages, that drinke of running springs,  
Thinke



## *Hero and Leander.*

Thinke water farre excels all earthly things,  
But they that daily taste neate wine, despite it,  
Virginity, albeit some highly prise it,  
Compar'd with mariage, had you try'd them both,  
Differs as much, as wine and water doth.  
Base boullion for the stamperes sake we allow,  
Euen so for mens impression do we you,  
By which alone, our reuerend fathers say,  
Women receiue perfection euery way.  
This Idoll which you tearme Virginity  
Is neither essence subiect to the eye,  
No, nor to any one exterior sence,  
Nor hath it any place of residence.  
Nor is 't of earth or molde celestiall,  
Or capable of any forme at all.  
Of that which hath no being do not boast,  
Things that are not at all are neuer lost.  
Men foolishly do call it vertuous,  
What vertue is it, that is borne with vs,  
Much lesse can honour be ascrib'd thereto,  
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we doe.  
Beleeue me *Hero*, honour is not wonne,  
Vntill some honourable deed be done.  
Seeke you for chastity, immortall fame,  
And know that some haue wrong'd *Dianas* name.  
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,  
So she be faire, but some vile tongues will blot?

But

## *Hero and Leander.*

But you are faire (aye me) so wondrous faire,  
So young, so gentle, and so debonaire,  
As *Greece* will thinke, it thus you live alone,  
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.  
Then *Hero*, hate me not, nor from me flie,  
To follow swiftly blasing intamie:  
Perhaps thy sacred Priesthood makes thee loath:  
Tell me to whom mad'st thou that heedlesse oath?

To *Venus*, answered she, and as she spake,  
Forth from those two translucent cisternes brake  
A streame of liquid pearle, which downe her face  
Made milk-white paths, wheron the gods might trace  
To *Ioues* high Court. He thus replide: the rites  
In which *Loues* beauteous Empresse most delites,  
Are banquets, Doricke musicke; midnight reuell,  
Playes, Maskes, and all that sterne age counteth euill.  
Thee as a holy Idiot doth thee scorne,  
For thou in vowing chastity, hast sworne,  
To rob her name and honour, and thereby  
Commit'st a sinne faire worse than periury:  
Even sacriledge against her Deity,  
Through regular and formall purity.  
To expiat which sin, kisse, and shake hands,  
Such sacrifice as this *Venus* demands.

Thereat she smil'd, and did deny him so,  
As put there' y, yet might he hope for moe,  
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his speech,

And



## *Hero and Leander.*

And her in humble manner thus beseech.

Though neither gods nor men may thee deserue,  
Yet for her sake whom you haue vow'd to serue,  
Abandon fruitlesse cold Virginitie,  
The gentle Queene of Loues sole enemy,  
Then shall you most resemble *Venus* Nun,  
When *Venus* sweet rites are perform'd and dun,  
Flint-brested *Pallas* ioyes in single life,  
But *Pallas* and your Mistris are at strife.  
Loue *Hero* then, and be not tyrannous,  
But heale the heart that thou hast wounded thus,  
Nor staine thy youthfull yeares with avarice,  
Faire tooles delight to be accounted nice.  
The richest corne dyes, if it be not reapt,  
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.  
These arguments he vs'd, and many more,  
Wherewith shee yeelded, that was wonne before,  
*Heroes* looks yeelded, but her words made warre,  
Women are won when they begin to iarre.  
Thus hauing swallowed *Cupids* golden hooke,  
The more she striu'd, the deeper was she strooke.  
Yet euilly faining anger, stroue she still,  
And would be thought to graut against her will :  
So hauing paus'd a while, at last she sayd,  
Who taught thee Rethorike to deceiue a mayd ?  
Aye me, such words as these should I abhor,  
And yet I like them for the Orator.

## *Hero and Leander.*

With that *Leander* stoopt to haue imbrac'd her,  
But from his spreading armes away she cast her,  
And thus bespake him: Gentle youth forbear  
To touch the sacred garments which I weare.

Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,  
Farre from the towne (where all is whist and still,  
Saue that the Sea playing on yellow sand,  
Sends forth a ratling murmure to the land,  
Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*,  
In silence of the night to visite vs.)  
My turret stands, and there god knowes I play,  
With *Venus* swannes, and sparrowes all the day,  
A dwarfish beldam beares me company,  
That hops about the chamber where I lye;  
And spends the night (that might be better spent)  
In vaine discourse and apish merriment,  
Come thither: As she spake this, her tongue tript,  
For vnawares (*Come thither*) from her slipt,  
And sodainely her former colour chang'd,  
And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd,  
And like a planet mouing seuerall wayes,  
At one selfe instant, she poore soule assayes,  
Louing, not to loue at all, and euery part  
Stroue to resist the motions of her heart,  
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such  
As might haue made heauen stoope to haue a touch,  
Did she vphold to *Venus*, and againe,

Vow'd



## *Hero and Leander.*

Vow'd spotlesse chastity, but all in vaine,  
*Cupid* beats downe her prayers with his wings,  
Her vowes aboue the empty ayre he flings,  
All deepe enrag'd, his sinowy bow he bent,  
And shot a shaft, that burning from him went,  
Wherewith she strooken lookt so dolefully,  
As made Loue sigh, to see his tyranny.  
And as she wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,  
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd,  
Then towards the Palace of the Destinies,  
Laden with languishment, and grieve he flies,  
And to those sterne Nymphs, humbly made request,  
Both might enioy each other, and be blest,  
But with a ghastly, dreadfull countenance,  
Threatning a thousand deaths at euery glance,  
They answered Loue, nor would vouchsafe so much  
As one poore word, their hate to him was such:  
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why,  
Heauens winged herrald, *Ioue-borne Mercurie*,  
The selte same day that he asleepe had laid  
Inchanted *Argus* spied a country maid,  
Whose carelesse haire, in stead of pearle t' adorne it,  
Glisterd with dew, as one that seem'd to scorne it,  
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose,  
Her mind pure, and her tongue vntaught to glose.  
Yet proud she was, (for lofty pride that dwels,  
In towred Courts, is oft in shepheards cels.)

## *Hero and Leander.*

And too too well the faire vermilion knew,  
And siluer tincture of her cheeks, that drew  
The loue of euery Swaine: On her this god  
Enamoured was, and with his Snaky rod,  
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her stay,  
The while vpon the hillocke downe he lay,  
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,  
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,  
Till in his twining armes he lockt her fast;  
And then he woo'd with kisses, and at last,  
As Shepheards doe, her on the ground he laid,  
And tumbling in the grasse, he often straid  
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold  
To eye those parts which no eye should behold,  
And like an insolent commanding loue,  
Boasting his parentage, would needs discouer  
The way to new *Elisium*: but she,  
Whose onely dower was her chastity,  
Hauing striv'n in vaine, was now about to crie,  
And craue the helpe of Shepheards that were nie.  
Herewith he stayd his fury and began  
To giue her leaue to rise, away she ran,  
After went *Mercury*, who vs'd such cunning,  
As she to heare his tale, left off her running.  
Maids are not wonne by brutish force and might,  
But speeches full of pleasure and delight,  
And knowing *Hermes* courted her, was glad

That



## *Hero and Leander.*

That she such louelinese and beauty had,  
As could prouoke his liking, yet was mute,  
And neither would deny nor grant his sute.  
Still vow'd he loue, she wanting no excuse,  
To feed him with delayes as women vse,  
Or thirsting after immortality,  
All women are ambitious naturally,  
Impo'd vpon her louer such a taske,  
As he ought not performe, nor yet she aske,  
A draught of flowing *Nectar* she requested,  
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.  
He ready to accomplish what she wild,  
Stole some from *Hebe* (*Hebe Ioues cup fild,*)  
And gaue it to his simple rustike loue,  
Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Ioue*?)  
He inly storm'd, and waxt more furious,  
Than for the fire filcht by *Promethius*, (here,  
And thrusts him downe from heauen, he wandring  
In mournfull tearmes, with sad and heauy cheare,  
Complain'd to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his sake,  
To be reueng'd on *Ioue*, did vndertake,  
And those on whom heauen, earth, and hell relies,  
I meane the adamantine Destinies,  
He wounds with loue, and toist them equally,  
To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercurie*,  
They offered him the deadly fatall knife,  
That sheares the slender threds of humane life.

## *Hero and Leander.*

At this faire feathered feet, the engins laid,  
Which th'earth from ougly *Chaos* den vp-waid,  
These he regarded not, but did entreat  
That *Ioue*, Vsurper of his fathers seat,  
Might presently be banisht into hell,  
And aged *Saturne* in *Olimpus* dwell.  
They granted what he crau'd, and once againe,  
*Saturne* and *Ops* began their golden raigne.  
Murder, rape, warre, lust and trechery,  
Were with *Ioue* clos'd in Stigian Emperie.  
But long this blessed time continued not,  
As soone as he his wished purpose got,  
He rechelesse of his promise, did despise  
The loue of th'euerlasting destinies.  
They seeing it, both *Loue* and him abhor'd,  
And *Iupiter* vnto his place restor'd.  
And but that learning in despight of Fate,  
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,  
And to the seat of *Ioue* it selfe aduance,  
*Hermes* had slept in hell with ignorance.  
Yet as a punishment they added this,  
That he and pouerty should alwaies kisse:  
And to this day is euery Scholler poore,  
Grosse gold from them runs headlong to the Boore;  
Likewise, the angry sisters thus deluded,  
To venge themselues on *Hermes* haue concluded,  
That *Midas* brood shall sit in honors chaire,



## *Hero and Leander.*

To which the Muses sonnes are onely heire,  
And fruitfull wits that in aspiring are,  
Shall discontent run into regions farre,  
And few great Lord in vertuous deeds shall ioy,  
But be surpriz'd with euery garish toy,  
And still enrich the lofty seruile Clowne,  
Who with incroching guile, keepes learning downe.  
Then muse not *Cupids* suit no better sped,  
Seeing in their loues the Fates were inured.

*The end of the First Sestyad.*



## The Argument of the Second S E S T Y A D.

*Hero of loue takes deeper sence,  
And doth her loue more recompence,  
Their first nights meeting, where sweet kisses  
Are th'only crowns of both their blisses.  
He swims t' Abydus, and returns,  
Cold Neptune with his beauty burnes,  
whose suite he shuns, and doth aspire  
Heroes faire tower, and his desire.*

**B**Y this sad *Hero* with loue vnacquainted,  
Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted:  
He kist her, and breath'd life into her lips,

Where

## *Hero and Leander.*

Wherewith as one displeas'd, away shee trips,  
Yet as she went full often lookt behind,  
And many poore excuses did shee find  
To linger by the way, and once shee stayd,  
And would haue turn'd againe, but was afraid,  
In offering partly, to be counted light.  
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,  
Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,  
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.  
He being a Nouice knew not what she meant;  
But stayd, and after her a letter sent:  
Which ioyfull *Hero* answered in such sort,  
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort,  
Wherein the liberall Graces lockt their wealth;  
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.  
Wide open stood the dore, he need not clime;  
And shee her selfe before the pointed time,  
Had spred the boord, with roses strowed the roome,  
And oft looked out, and mus'd he did not come;  
At last he came: O who can tell the greeting,  
These greedy louers had at their first meeting?  
He askt, she gaue, and nothing was denyed,  
Both to each other quickly were affyed.  
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts vnited;  
And what he did, she willingly requited.  
(Sweet are the kisses, the imbracements sweet,  
When like desires and affections meet.

For



## *Hero and Leander.*

For from the earth to heauen, is *Cupid* rais'd,  
Where fancy is in equall ballance pais'd)  
Yet she this rashnes sodainely repented,  
And turn'd aside, and to her selfe lamented ;  
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd,  
By being possesst of him for whom she long'd:  
I, and she wisht, albeit not from her heart,  
That he would leaue her turret and depart.  
The mirthfull god of amorous pleasure smil'd,  
To see how he this captiue Nymph beguil'd ;  
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,  
And kept it downe that it might mount the hier.  
Now waxt she iealous, lest his loue abated,  
Fearing her owne thoughts, made her to be hated ;  
Therefore vnto him hastily she goes,  
And like light *Salmacis* her body throes  
Vpon his bosome, where with yeelding eyes,  
She offers vp her selfe a sacrifice,  
To flake his anger, if he were displeas'd ;  
O what god would not therewith be appeas'd ?  
Like *Aesops* Cocke, this iewell he enioyed,  
And as a brother with his sister toyed,  
Supposing nothing els was to be done,  
Now he her fauour and good will had wonne ;  
But know ye not that creatures wanting sence,  
By nature haue a mutuall appetence,  
And wanting organs to aduance a step,

## *Hero and Leander.*

Mou'd by Loues force, vnto each other lep,  
Much more in subiects hauing intellect,  
Some hidden influence breeds like effect,  
Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,  
Long dallying with *Hero* nothing saw,  
That might delight him more, yet he suspected  
Some amorous rites or other were neglected:  
Therefore vnto his body, hers he clung,  
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung, (ued,  
Striv'd with redoubled strength, the more she stri-  
The more a gentle pleasing heat reuiued,  
Which taught him all that elder louers know;  
And now the same gan so to scorch and glow,  
As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it,  
Loue alwaies makes those eloquent that haue it:  
She, with a kind of granting, put him by it,  
And euer as he thought himselfe most nigh it,  
Like to the tree of *Tantalus* she fled,  
And seeming lauish, sau'd her mayden-head:  
Ne're King more sought to keepe his Diademe,  
Than *Hero* this inestimable gemme.  
Aboue our life we loue a stedfast friend,  
Yet when a token of great worth we send,  
We often kisse it, often looke thereon,  
And stay the messenger that would be gone:  
No maruell then, though *Hero* would not yeeld  
So soone to part from that she dearely held.

Jewels



## *Hero and Leander.*

Jewels been lost are found againe, this neuer,  
Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for euer.

Now had the morne espy'd her louers steeds,  
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,  
And red for anger that he stayd so long,  
All headlong throwes her selfe the clouds among,  
And now *Leander* fearing to be mist,  
Imbrac't her sodainly, tooke leaue and kist:  
Long was he taking leaue and loth to goe,  
And kist againe as louers vse to doe:  
Sad *Hero* wrung him by the hand and wept,  
Saying; Let your vowes and promises be kept.  
Then standing at the dore, she turn'd about,  
As loth to see *Leander* going out.  
And now the sunne that through th'orizon peepes,  
As pittying these Louers, downward creepes.  
So that in silence of the cloudy night,  
Though it was morning did he take his flight:  
But what the secret trusty night conceal'd,  
*Leanders* amorous habite soone reueal'd,  
With *Cupids* myrtle was his bonnet crownd,  
About his armes the purple riband wound,  
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading heare;  
Nor could the youth abstaine, but he must weare  
The sacred ring wherewith she was endow'd,  
When first religious chastity she vow'd,  
Which made his loue through *Sestos* to be knowne,

## *Hero and Leander.*

And thence vnto *Abydus* sooner blowne,  
Than he could sayle, for incorporeall Fame,  
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,  
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes  
Are reeking water, and dull earthly fumes.  
Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,  
But like exiled ayre thrust from his sphere,  
Set in a forren place, and straight from thence,  
*Alcides* like by mighty violence,  
He would haue chac'd away the swelling Maine  
That him from her vniustly did detaine:  
Like as the Sunne in a Diameter,  
Fires and inflames objects remooued farre,  
And heateth kindly shining lat'rally,  
So beauty sweetly quickens when it's nie;  
But being separated and remoued,  
Burnes where it cherisht, murders where it loued:  
Therefore, euen as an *Index* to a booke,  
So to his mind was young *Leanders* looke;  
O none haue power but gods their loue to hide,  
Affection by the count'nance is descride.  
The light of hidden fire it selfe discouers,  
And loue that is conceal'd, betraies poore louers.  
His secret flame apparantly was scene,  
*Leanders* father knew where he had beene,  
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his sonne,  
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begunne.

But



## *Hero and Leander.*

But loue resisted once growes passionate,  
And nothing more then counsell louers hate :  
For, as a hot proud horse highly disdaines  
To haue his head control'd, but breakes the raines,  
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his houes  
Checkes the submissiue ground: so he that ioues,  
The more he is restrain'd the worse he fares;  
What is it now, but mad *Leander* dares?  
O *Hero*, *Hero*, thus he cry'd full oft,  
And then he got him to a rocke aloft,  
Where hauing spide her tower, long star'd he on't,  
And pray'd the narrow toiling Hellespont  
To part in twaine that he might come and go.  
But still the rising billowes answered no ;  
With that he stript him to the yu'ry skin,  
And crying, Loue I come, leapt liuely in :  
Whereat the saphir visag'd god grew proud,  
And made his capring *Triton* sound aloud,  
Imagining, that *Ganmed* displeas'd,  
Had left the heauens, therefore on him he seiz'd:  
*Leander* striv'd, the waues about him wound,  
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground  
Was strewd with pearle , and in low corall growes,  
Sweet singing Mermayds spotted with their loues,  
On heapes of heauy gold , and tooke great pleasure,  
To spurne in carelesse sort the shipwracke treasure :  
For here the stately azure palace stood,

## *Hero and Leander.*

Where Kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode.  
The lusty god imbrac't him, call'd him loue,  
And swore he neuer should returne to *Ioue* :  
But when he knew it was not *Ganimed*,  
For vnder water he was almost dead,  
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,  
Beat downe the bold waues with his triple mace,  
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kist him,  
And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him.  
*Leander* being vp, began to swim,  
And looking backe, saw *Neptune* follow him.  
Whereat agast, the poore soule gan to crie ;  
O let me visite *Hero* ere I dye :  
The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,  
And swore the Sea should neuer do him harme.  
He clapt his plump cheekes, with his tresses playd,  
And smiling wantonly, his loue bewrayd ;  
He watcht his arms, and as they open'd wide,  
At euery stroke betwixt them would he slide,  
And steale a kisse, and then run out and dance,  
And as he turn'd cast many a lustfull glance,  
And threw him gawdy toyes to please his eye,  
And diue into the water and there pry  
Vpon his brest, his thighes, and euery lim,  
And vp againe, and close beside him swim :  
And talke of loue, *Leander* made reply,  
You are deceiu'd, I am no woman I.

There-



## *Hero and Leander.*

Thereat smil'd *Neptune*, and then told a tale,  
How that a Shepheard sitting in a vale,  
Playd with a boy, so faire and kind,  
As for his loue, both earth and heauen pin'd,  
That of the cooling riuer durst not drinke,  
Lest water-Nymphs should pul him from the brinke;  
And when he sported in the fragrant lawnes,  
Gote-footed Satyrs; and vp-starting Fawnes  
Would steale him thence, ere halfe his tale was done.  
Aye me, *Leander* cry'd, th'enamored sunne,  
That now should shine on *Thetis* glassy bower,  
Descends vpon my radiant *Heroes* tower.  
O that these tardy armes of mine were wings,  
And as he spake, vpon the waues he springs;  
*Neptune* was angry that he gaue no eare,  
And in his heart reuenging malice bare:  
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,  
He call'd it in, for loue made him repent.  
The mace returning backe his owne hand hit,  
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.  
When this fresh bleeding wound *Leander* viewd,  
His colour went and came as if he rew'd  
The grieve which *Neptune* felt. In gentle breasts,  
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pittie rests.  
And who haue hard hearts, and obdurate minds,  
But vicious, hare-brain'd, and illitt'rat hindes?  
The god seeing him with pittie to be moued,

There-

## *Hero and Leander.*

Thereon concluded that he was beloued.  
(Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,)  
With folly and false hope deluding vs.  
Wherefore *Leanders* fancy to surprize,  
To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.  
Tis wisdom to giue much, a gift preuailes,  
When deepe perswading oratorie failes.  
By this, *Leander* being neere the land,  
Cast downe his weery feet, and felt the sand,  
Breathlesse albeit he were, he rested not  
Till to the solitary tower he got:  
And knockt, and call'd, at which celestiall noyse,  
The longing heart of *Hero* much more ioyes, (rings,  
Then Nymphes and Shepheards, when the timbrell  
Or crooked Dolphin when the Sayler sings,  
She stayd not for her robes, but straight arose,  
And drunke with gladnesse, to the dore she goes,  
Where seeing a naked man, she scrieht for feare;  
Such sights as this to tender maids are rare,  
And ran into the darke her selfe to hide,  
Rich Jewels in the darke are soonest spide.  
Vnto her was he led or rather drawne, (lawne;  
By those white lims which sparkled through the  
The neerer that he came, the more she fled,  
And seeking refuge, slipt into her bed,  
Whereon *Leander* sitting thus began,  
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint and wan,  
If



## *Hero and Leander.*

If not for loue, yet loue for pittie sake,  
Mein thy bed and maiden bosome take,  
At least, vouchsafe these armes some little roome,  
Who hoping to imbrace thee, cheerely swome.  
This head was beat with many churlish billow,  
And therefore let it rest vpon thy pillow.  
Herewith affrighted *Hero* shrunke away,  
And in her luke-warme place *Leander* lay,  
Whose liuely heat like fire from heauen fet,  
Would animate grosse clay, and higher set  
The drooping thoughts of base declining soules,  
Then drery *Mars* carowsing *Nectar* boules.  
His hands he cast vpon her like a snare,  
She ouercome with shame and fallow feare,  
Like chaste *Diana* when *Acteon* spide her,  
Being sodainly betray'd, diu'd down to hide her,  
And as her siluer body downward went,  
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,  
And in her owne mind thought her selfe secure,  
Orecast with dim and darksome couerture;  
And now she lets him whisper in her eare,  
Flatter, intreat, promise, protest and sweare:  
Yet euer after as he greedily assayd  
To touch those dainty, she the *Harpey* playd,  
And euery lim did as a Souldier stout,  
Defend the fort, and keep the foe-men out.  
For though the rising yu'rie mount he scal'd,

## *Hero and Leander.*

Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,  
Much like a globe, (a globe may I tearme this,  
By which loue sayles to regions full of blis?)  
Yet there with *Sisyphus* he toyld in vaine,  
Till gentle parly did the truce obtaine.  
She trembling stroue, this strife of hers (like that  
Which made the world) another world begat,  
Of vnknowne ioy. Treason was in her thought,  
And cunningly to yeeld her selfe she fought.  
Seeming not woon, yet woon she was at length:  
In such warres, women vse but halfe their strength.  
*Leander* now like *Theban Hercules*,  
Entred the Orchard of *Th'esperides*.  
Whose fruit none rightly can describe but he,  
That puls or shakes it from the golden tree;  
Wherein *Leander* on her quiuering brest,  
Breathlesse, spoke something, and sigh'd out the rest,  
Which so preuail'd, as he with small adoe  
Inclos'd her in his armes, and kist her too,  
And euery kisse to her was as a charme,  
And to *Leander* as a fresh alarme.  
So that the truce was broke, and she alas,  
(Poore silly mayden) at his mercy was.  
Loue is not full of pittie (as men say)  
But deafe and cruell where he meanes to pray.  
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,  
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.

And



## *Hero and Leander.*

And now she wisht this night were neuer done  
And sigh'd to thinke vpon th'approching sunne,  
For much it grieu'd her that the bright day-light,  
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night.  
And then like *Mars* and *Ericine* displayed,  
Both in each others armes chain'd as they layd.  
Againe, she knew not how to frame her looke,  
Or speake to him, who in a moment tooke  
That which so long so charily she kept,  
And faine by stealth away she would haue crept,  
And to some corner secretly haue gone,  
Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone:  
But as her naked feete were whipping out,  
He on the suddaine cling'd her so about,  
That Meremayd-like vnto the floore she slid,  
One halfe appear'd, the other halfe was hid.  
Thus neere the bed she (blushing) stood vpright,  
And from her countenance behold ye might  
A kind of twi-light break, which through the heare,  
As from an orient cloud, glimse here and there.  
And round about the chamber this false morne,  
Brought forth the day before the day was borne.  
So *Heros* ruddy cheek, *Hero* betrayd,  
And her all naked to his sight displayd.  
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure tooke,  
Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke,  
By this *Apollos* golden harpe began,

## *Hero and Leander.*

To sound forth musicke to the Ocean,  
Which watchfull *Hesperus* no sooner heard,  
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd,  
And ran before, as Harbenger of light,  
And with his flaring beames mockt ougly night,  
Till she o'recame with anguish, shame and rage,  
Dang'd downe to hell her loathsome carriage.

*The end of the second Sestyad.*



## The Argument of the Third S E S T Y A D.

*Leander to the enuious light  
Resignes his night sports with the night,  
And swims the Hellespont againe,  
Thesme the deity soueraigne  
Of customs and religious rites.  
Appeares, improving his delites,  
Since Nuptiall honors he neglected,  
which straight he vows shall be effected.  
Faire Hero left Deuirginate  
waies, and with fury wailes her state:  
But with her loue and womans wit,  
She argues, and approueth it.*

**N**ew light giues new directions, Fortunes new  
To fashion our endcauors that ensue,

More



## *Hero and Leander.*

More harsh (at least more hard) more graue and hie,  
Our subiect runs, and our sterne Muse must flie,  
Loues edge is taken off, and that light flame,  
Those thoughts, ioyes, longings, that before became  
High vnexperienst bloud, and made sharpe plights,  
Must now grow stayd, and censure the delights,  
That being enioyd, aske iudgement, now we prayse,  
As hauing parted: Euenings crowne the dayes.

And now ye wanton loues, and young desires,  
Pied vanity, the mint of strange attires:  
Ye lipping Flatteries, and obsequious glances,  
Relentfull Musickes, and attractiue dances,  
And you detested Charmes constraining loue,  
Shun loues stolne sports, by that these Louers proue.

By this the Soueraigne of Heauens golden fires,  
And young *Leander* Lord of his desires,  
Together from their louers armes arose,  
*Leander* into *Hellepontus* throwes,  
His *Hero*-handled body, whose delight  
Made him disdain each other Epethite.  
And as amidst the enamoured waues he swims,  
The god of gold of purpose guilt his lims,  
That this word guilt including double sence,  
The double guilt of his *Incontinence*,  
Might be exprest, that he d no stay t'imp'loy  
The treasure which the Lone-god let him enioy  
In his deare *Hero*, with such sacred thirst,

## *Hero and Leander.*

As had be seem'd so sanctified a gitt,  
But like a greedy vulgar Prodigall,  
Would on the stocke dispend, and rudely fall  
Before his time, to that vnblest blessing,  
Which for lusts plague doth perish with possessing.

*Ioy graven in sense, like snow in water wasts,*

*Without preserue of vertue nothing lasts.*

What man is he that with a wealthy eye  
Enioyes a beauty richer then the skie. (sleep,  
Through whose white skin, softer then foundest  
With damask eyes the ruby bloud doth peep,  
And runs in branches through her azure vaines,  
Whose mixture and first fire his loue attaines,  
Whose both hands limit, both Loues deities,  
And sweeten humane thoughts like Paradise,  
Whose disposition silken is and kind,  
Directed with an earth exempted mind,  
Who thinks not heauen with such a loue is giuen?  
And who like earth would spend that power of heauē  
With ranke desire to ioy it all at first?  
What simply kils our hunger quencheth thirst,  
Clothes but our nakednesse, and makes vs liue,  
Praise doth not any of her fauours giue.  
But what doth plentifully minister  
Beauteous apparrell, and delicious cheere,  
So ordered, that it still excites desire,  
And still giues pleasure freenesse to aspire

The



## *Hero and Leander.*

The palme of *Bounty*, euer moist preserving,  
To loues sweet lie, this is the courtly caruing.  
Thus *Time*, and all-states-ordering *Ceremonie*  
Had banisht all offence: *Times* golden Thie,  
Vpholds the flowrie body of the earth  
In sacred harmony, and euery birth  
Of men, and actions makes legitimate  
Being vs'd aright, *the use of time is fate.*

Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more,  
This prize of Loue home to his fathers shore,  
Where he vnclades himselfe of that false wealth  
That makes few rich, treasures compos'd by stealth,  
And to his sister kind *Hermione*,  
(Who on the shore kneeled, praying to the Sea  
For his returne) he all Loues good did shew  
In *Hero* seiz'd for him, in him for *Hero*.

His most kind sister all his secrets knew,  
And to her singeing like a shower he flew,  
Sprinkling the earth that to their tombes tooke in  
Streames dead for loue, to leaue his yuory skin,  
Which yet a snowy some did leaue aboue  
As soule to the dead water that did loue,  
And from thence did the first white Roses spring,  
(For loue is sweet and faire in euery thing)  
And all the sweetned shore as he did goe,  
Was crown'd with odorous Roses white as snow.  
*Loue-blest Leander* was with loue so filled,

That

## *Hero and Leander.*

That loue to all that toucht him he instilled.  
And as the colours of all things we see,  
To our sights powers communicated be ;  
So to all objects that in compasse came,  
Of any sense he had, his senses flame  
Flow'd from his parts, with force so virtuall,  
It fir'd with sense things meere insensuall.

Now (with warme baths and odours comforted)  
When he lay downe, he kindly kist his bed,  
As consecrating it to *Heroes* right,  
And vow'd thereafter, that what euer sight  
Put him in mind of *Hero* or her blisse,  
Should be her altar to prefer a kisse.

Then layd he forth his late enriched armes,  
In whose white circle Loue writ all his charmes,  
And made his characters sweet *Heroes* lims,  
When on his breasts warme sea she sideling swims,  
And as those armes (held vp in circle) met,  
He sayd, see sister, *Heroes* Carquet,  
Which she had rather weare about her necke,  
Then all the iewels that doth *Iuno* decke.

But as she shooke with passionate desire,  
To put in flame his other secret fire,  
A musicke so diuine did pierce his eare,  
As neuer yet his rauisht sense did heare,  
When suddenly a light of twenty hiewes  
Brake through the roof, & like the Rainbow views.

Amazed



## *Hero and Leander.*

Amaz'd *Leander*, in whose beames came downe  
The goddesse *Ceremony* with a Crowne  
Of all the stars, and heauen with her descended,  
Her flaming haire to her bright feet extended,  
By which hung all the bench of Deities,  
And in a chaine compact of eares and eyes,  
She led Religion, all her body was  
Cleere and transparent as the purest glasse ;  
For she was all presented to the sence,  
Deuotion, Order, State and Reuerence,  
Her shadowes were, Society, Memory,  
All which her sight made liue, her absence dye.  
A rich disparent Pentacle she weares,  
Drawne full of circles, and strange characters ;  
Her face was changeable to euery eye,  
One way lookt ill, another graciously,  
Which while men view'd, they cheerful were & holy,  
But looking off, vicious and melancholy :  
The snaky paths to each obserued law,  
Did *Policy* in her broad bosome draw,  
One hand a Mathematicke Crystall swayes,  
Which gathering in one line a thousand rayes  
From her bright eyes, *Confusion* burnes to death,  
And all estates of men distinguisheth.  
By it *Morality* and *Comelinesse*,  
Themselues in all their sightly figures dresse,  
Her other hand a lawrell rod applies,

## *Hero and Leander.*

To beat backe *Barbarisme* and *Auarice*,  
That followed eating earth and excrement,  
And humane lims, and would make proud assent  
To seates of gods, were *Ceremony* flaine,  
The *Honours* and *Graces* bore her glorious traine,  
And all the sweets of our society,  
Were spher'd and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.  
Thus she appear'd, and sharply did reprove  
*Leanders* bluntnesse in his violent loue,  
Told him how poore was substance without rites,  
Like Bils vnsign'd, desires without delites;  
Like meates vnseason'd, like ranke corne that growes  
On cottages, that none or reapes or sowes,  
Not being with ciuil formes confirm'd and bounded  
For humane dignities and comforts founded,  
But loose and secret all their glories hide,  
Feare fills the chamber, darknesse deckes the Bride.

She vanisht, leauing pearst *Leanders* heart  
With sence of his vnceremonious part;  
In which, with plaine neglect of Nuptiall rites,  
He close and flatly fell to his delites:  
And instantly he vow'd to celebrate  
All rites pertaining to his married state:  
So vp he gets, and to his father goes,  
To whose glad eares he doth his vowes disclose:  
The Nuptials are resolu'd with vtmost powre,  
And he at night would swim to *Heroes* towre.

From



## *Hero and Leander.*

From whence he meant to *Sestos* forked Bay  
To bring her couertly, where ships must stay,  
Sent by her father throughly rig'd and mand,  
To waft her safely to *Abydos* strand.  
There leaue we him, and with fresh wing pursue  
Astonisht *Hero*, whose most wished view  
I thus long haue forborne, because I left her,  
So out of countnance, and her spirits bereft her.

*To looke of one abasht is impudence,*

*When of slight faults he bath too deepe a sence.*

Her blushing het her chamber, she lookt out,  
And all the aire she purpled round about,  
And after it a foule blacke day befell,  
Which euer since a red morne doth foretell,  
And still renues our woes for *Heroes* woe,  
And foule it prou'd because it figur'd so:  
The next nights horror, which prepare to heare,  
I faile, if it prophane your daintiest eare.

Then how most strangely, intellectuall fire,  
That proper to my soule hast power t'inspire  
Her burning faculties, and with the wings  
Of thy vnspheared flame visitst the springs  
Of spirits immortall, Now (as swift as time  
Doth follow Motion) find th'eternall clime  
Of his free soule, whose liuing subiect stood  
Vp to the chin in the *Pyerean* flood,  
And drunke to me halfe this *Musean* storie,

## *Hero and Leander.*

Inscribing it to deathlesse memory,  
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deepe,  
That neithers draught be consecrate to sleepe,  
Tell it how much his late desires I tender,  
(If yet it know not) and to delight surrender  
My soules darke off-spring, willing it should die  
To loues, to passions, and society.

Sweet *Hero* left vpon her bed alone,  
Her maiden-head, her vowes, *Leander* gone,  
And nothing with her but a violent crew  
Of new-come thoughts, that yet she neuer knew;  
Euen to her selte a stranger was, much like  
Th'*Iberian* City that wars hand did strike  
By English force, in princely *Essex* guide,  
When peace assur'd her towers had fortifide,  
And golden fingred *India* had bestowd  
Such wealth on her, that strength and Empire flowd  
Into her turrets, and her Virgin waste,  
The wealthy girdle of the sea imbraste,  
Till our *Leander* that made *Mars* his *Cupid*,  
For soft loue futes, with yron thunders chid:  
Swum to her townes, dissolv'd her virgins zone,  
Led in his power, and made Confusion  
Run through her streets amaz'd, that she suppos'd  
She had not been in her owne wals inclos'd,  
But rapt by wonder to some forraine state,  
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate,

And



## *Hero and Leander.*

And all her peacefull manfions poffest  
With war's iuft spoyle, and many a torraine guest,  
From euery corner driving an enioyer,  
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.  
So far'd faire *Hero* in th'expugned fort  
Of her chaffe bofome, and of euery fort  
Strange thoughts poffest her, ransaking her brest,  
For that that was not there, her wonted rest.  
She was a mother straight, and bore with paine,  
Thoughts that spake straight, and wifht their mother  
She hates their liues, & they their own & hers, (flaine:  
Such strife ftill growes where fin the race preferres.

*Loue is a golden bubble full of dreames,  
That waking breakes, and fils vs with extreames.*  
She mus'd how she could looke vpon her fire,  
And not shew that without, that was intire.  
For as a glasse is an inanimate eye,  
And outward formes imbraceth inwardly,  
So is the eye an animate glasse that shoves,  
In formes without vs. And as *Phoebus* throwes  
His beames abroad, though he in cloudes be clos'd,  
Still glancing by them, till he finde oppos'd,  
A loose and rotid vapour, that is fit  
T'euent his searching beames, and vseth it  
To forme a tender twenty-coloured eye,  
Cast in a circle round about the skie.  
So when our fiery soule, our bodies starre,

## *Hero and Leander.*

(That euer is in motion circular)  
Conceiues a forme, in seeking to display it,  
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth conuay it  
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,  
And that reflects it round about the face.  
And this euent vncourtly *Hero* thought,  
Her inward guilt would in her looks haue wrought;  
For yet the worlds stale cunning she resisted (sted,  
To beare foule thoughts, yet forge what looks she li-  
And held it for a very silly sleight,  
To make a perfect mettall counterfeit,  
Glad to disclaime her selfe, proud of an Art,  
That makes the face a Pandar to the heart,  
Those be his painted Moones, whose lights profane  
Beauties true heauen, at full still in their wane.  
Those be the Lapwing faces that still crie,  
*Here 't is*, when that they vow is nothing nie.  
Base fooles, when euery moorish foole can teach  
That which men think the height of humane reach.  
But custome that the Apoplexie is  
Of beddred nature, and liues led amis,  
And takes away all feeling of offence,  
Yet braz'd not *Heroes* brow with impudence:  
And this she thought most hard to bring to pas,  
To seeme in countenance other then she was;  
As if she had two soules, one for the face,  
One for the heart, and that they shifted place,

As



## *Hero and Leander.*

As either list to vtter or conceale  
What they conceiu'd, or as one soule did deale  
With both affaires at once, keepes and eiects  
Both at an instant contrary effects,  
Retention and eiection in her powrs  
Beings acts alike, for this one vice of ours.  
That forms the thought, and swaies the countenance  
Rules both our motion and our vtterance.

These and more graue conceits toild *Heros* spirits,  
For though the light of her discursive wits,  
Perhaps might finde some little hole to passe  
Through all these worldly cinctures, yet (alas)  
There was a heauenly flame incompast her,  
Her goddesse, in whose Phane she did preferre  
Her virgin vowes, from whose impulsue sight,  
She knew the blacke shield of the darkest night,  
Could not defend her, nor wits subtile art:  
This was the point pierst *Hero* to the heart,  
Who heauy to the death, with a deepe sigh  
And hand that languisht, took a robe was nigh  
Exceeding large, and of blacke Cypres made,  
In which she fate, had from the day in shade,  
Euen ouer head and face downe to her feet,  
Her left hand made it at her bosome meet:  
Her right hand leand on her heart-bowing knee,  
Wrapt in vnshapfull foulds, was death to see  
Her knee stayd that, and that her falling face,

Each

## *Hero and Leander.*

Each lim helpt other to put on disgrace.  
No forme was seene, where forme held all her sight;  
But like an Embrion that saw neuer light,  
Or like a scorched statue made a cole  
With three-wing'd lightning, or a wretched soule  
Muffled with endlesse darknesse, she did sit,  
The night had neuer such a heauy spirit.  
Yet might an imitating eye well see,  
How fast her cleare teares melted on her knee,  
Through her black vaile, and turnd as blacke as it,  
Mourning to be her teares, then wrought her vvit,  
With her broke vow, her goddesse wrath, her fame,  
All tooles that enginous despaire could frame,  
Which made her strow the floore with her torn haire,  
And spread her mantle piece-meale in the aire,  
Like *Ioues* sons club, strong passion strook her down,  
And with a pittious shriek inforst her svvoun,  
Her shriek, made vvith another shriek ascend  
The frighted Matron that on her did tend;  
And as vvith her ovvne cry, her sense vvas flaine,  
So vvith the other it vvas call'd againe.  
She rose, and to her bed made forced way,  
And layd her down, euen where *Leander* lay :  
And all this while the red sea of her blood  
Eb'd vvith *Leander*, but now turn'd the flood,  
And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in  
With childe of fayne, and did hot fight begin,

With



## *Hero and Leander.*

With those seuer conceits, shee too much markt,  
And here *Leanders* beauties were imbarkt.  
He came in swimming, painted all with ioyes,  
Such as might sweeten hell, his thought destroyes;  
All her destroying thoughts she thought she felt,  
His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,  
And chid her soule that it could so much erre,  
To checke the true ioyes he deserv'd in her,  
Her fresh heat bloud cast figures in her eyes,  
And she suppos'd shee saw in *Neptunes* skies,  
How her starre wandred, washt in smarting brine,  
For her Loues sake, that with immortall wine,  
Should be embath'd and swim in more hearts ease,  
Than there was water in the *Seltian* seas.  
Then sayd her *Cupid*-prompted spirit, shall I,  
Sing mones to such delightfome harmonie?  
Shall slick-tong'd fame patcht vp with voyces rude,  
The drunken bastard of the multitude,  
(Begot when father iudgement is away,  
And gossip-like, sayes because others say,  
Take newes, as if it were too hot to eate,  
And spits it flauering forth for dogge-tees meat,)  
Make me for forging a phantastike vow,  
Presume to beare what makes graue Matrons bow?  
Good vowes are neuer broken with good deeds,  
For then good deeds were bad, vowes are but seeds,  
And good deeds fruits, euē those good deeds that grow  
G From

## *Hero and Leander.*

From other stocks, then from th'observed vow.  
That is a good deed that preuents a bad,  
Had I not yeelded, flaine my selfe I had,  
*Hero Leander is, Leander Hero,*  
Such vertue loue hath to make one of two.  
If then *Leander* did my mayden-head git,  
*Leanders* being my selfe, I still retaine it.  
We break chaste vows when we liue loosely euer,  
But bound as we are, we liue loosely neuer.  
Two constant Louers being ioind in one,  
Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.  
We know not how to vow, till loue vnblind vs,  
And vowes made ignorantly neuer bind vs.  
Too true it is, that when t'is gone, men hate  
The ioyes as vaine they tooke in loues estate,  
But that's, since they hane lost, the heauenly light  
Should shew them way to iudge of all things right.  
When life is gone, death must implant his terror,  
As death is foe to life, so loue to error:  
Before we loue, how range we through this sphere,  
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here,  
Now with desire of wealth transported quite  
Beyond our free humanities delight.  
Now with ambition climbing falling towres,  
Whose hope to scale, our feare to fall deuoures,  
Now rapt with pastimes, pompe, all ioyes impure,  
*In things without vs no delight is sure.*

But



## *Hero and Leander.*

But loue with allioyes crown'd, within doth sit.  
O goddesse pittie, loue and pardon it.  
This spake he weeping, but her goddesse care  
Burnd with too sterne a heat, and would not heare.  
Aye me, hath heauens straight fingers no more gra-  
For such *Hero*, then for homeliest faces? (ces  
Yet she hop'd well, and in her sweet conceit  
Waying her arguments, she thought them weight,  
And that the Logicke of *Leanders* beauty,  
And them together would bring proofes of duty;  
And if her soule that was a skiltull glance  
Of heauens great essence, found such imperance  
In her loues beauties, she had confidence,  
*Ioue* lou'd him too, and pardon'd her offence.

*Beauty in heauen and earth this grace doth win,  
It supples rigor, and it lessens sinne.*

Thus her sharpe wit, her loue, her secrecie,  
Trouping together, made her wonder why  
She should not leaue her bed, and to the temple?  
Her health, said she must liue, her sex dissemble;  
She view'd *Leanders* place, and wisht he were,  
Turn'd to his place, so his place were *Leander*.  
Aye me (sayd she) that loues sweet loue and sense  
Should doe it harme, my loue hath not gone hence,  
Had he beene like his place. O blessed place,  
Image of Constancy. Thus my loues grace  
Parts no where, but it leaues something behind,

## *Hero and Leander.*

Worth obseruation : he renownes his kind,  
His motion is like heauens Orbiculer,  
For where he once is, he is euer there.  
This place was mine, *Leander* now 't is thine,  
Thou being my selfe, then it is double mine,  
Mine, and *Leanders* mine, *Leanders* mine.  
O see what wealth it yeelds me, nay yeelds him,  
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.  
Rich fruitfull loue, that doubling selfe estates,  
*Elixer*. like contracts, though separates.  
Deare place I kisse thee, and doe welcome thee,  
As from *Leander* euer sent to me.

*The end of the third Sestiad.*



## The Argument of the Fourth S E S T Y A D.

*Hero in sacred habite deckt,  
Doth priuate sacrifice effect.  
Her Skarfes description wrought by fate,  
Ostents, that threaten her estate.  
The strange yet Physicall euents,  
Leanders counterfeit presents.  
In thunder, Ciprides descends,  
Presaging both the louers ends :  
Ecce the Goddesse of remorse,*

*with*



## *Hero and Leander.*

*with Vocall and articulate force  
Inspires Leucote, Venus swan,  
T'excuse the beauteous Sestian.  
Venus, to wreake her rites abuses,  
Creates the monster Eronofus;  
Inflaming Heroes sacrifice,  
With lightning darted from her eyes,  
And thereof springs the painted beast,  
That euer since taints euery brest.*

**N**ow from Leanders place she rose and found  
Her haire & rent robe scattred on the ground,  
Which taking vp, she euery piece did lay  
Vpon an Altar, where, in youth of day  
She vsde to reexhibite priuate sacrifice:  
Those would she offer to the Deities  
Of her faire Goddesse, and her powerfull sonne,  
As relicks of her late felt passion,  
And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them,  
In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,  
Would as quite fade in her loues holy fire,  
As they should in the flames she meant t'inspire.  
Then put she on all her religious weeds,  
That deckt her in her secret sacred deeds,  
A crowne of Isickles, that sunne nor fire  
Could euer melt, and figur'd chaste desire.  
A golden starre shin'd in her naked brest,  
In honour of the Queen-light of the East.  
In her right hand she held a siluer wand,

## *Hero and Leander.*

On whose bright top *Peristera* did stand,  
Who was a Nymph, but now transform'd a Doue,  
And in her life was deare in *Venus* loue:  
And for her sake she euer since that time (blew clime;  
Chus'd doves to draw her coach through heauens  
Her plenteous haire in curled billowes swims  
On her bright shouldet, her harmonious lims,  
Sustained no more but a most subtle vaile  
That hung on them, as it durst not assaile  
Their different concord: for the weakest aire  
Could raise it swelling from her beauteous faire,  
Nor did it couer, but adumbrate onely  
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye,  
Might see (as it did shadow) fearefully,  
All that all loue-deseruing Paradise,  
It was as blew as the most freezing skies,  
Neare the seas hew, from thence her goddesse came,  
On it a skarfe she wore of wondrous frame,  
In midst whereof she wrought a Virgins face,  
From whose each cheeke a fiery blush did chase  
Two crimson flames, that did two wayes extend,  
Spreading the ample skarfe to either end,  
Which figur'd the diuision of her mind,  
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd,  
And stood not resolute to wed *Leander*.  
This seru'd her white necke for a purple sphere,  
And cast it selfe at full breadth downe her backe.

There



## *Hero and Leander.*

There (since the first breath that begun the wracke  
Of her free quiet from *Leanders* lips)  
She wrought a Sea in one flame full of Ships,  
But that one Ship where all her wealth did passe,  
(Like simple Merchants goods) *Leander* was;  
For in that Sea she naked figured him,  
Her diuing needle taught him how to swim,  
And to each threed did such resemblance giue,  
For ioy to be so like him it did liue:

*Things senselesse liue by Art, and rationall dye,  
By rude contempt of art and industry.*

Scarce could she work, but in her strength of thoght,  
She fear'd she prickt *Leander* as she wrought,  
And oft would shriek so, that her Guardian frighted,  
Would staring haste, as with some mischiefe cited.

*Thy double life that dead things grieve sustaine,  
They kill that feele not their friends liuing paine.*

Sometimes she feard he sought her intamy,  
And then as she was working of his eye,  
She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill,  
But as she prickt, it grew more perfect still.

*Trifling attempts no serious acts aduance,  
The fire of loue is blowne by dalliance.*

In working his faire necke she did so grace it,  
She still was working her owne armes t'imbrace it;  
That, and his shoulders and his hands were seene,  
Aboue the streame, and with a pure Sea-greene

She

## *Hero and Leander.*

Shee did so queintly shadow euery lim,  
All might be seene beneath the waues to swim.

In this conceited skarfe she wrought beside  
A Moone in change, and shooting stars did glide,  
In number after her with bloudy beames,  
Which figur'd her affects in their extreames.  
Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,  
And did her thoughts running on change imply:  
For mayds take more delights when they prepare  
And think of wiues states, then when wiues they are.  
Beneath all these, she wrought a Fisherman,  
Drawing his nets from forth that Ocean,  
Who drew so hard, yet might discouer well,  
The toughned sinewes in his necke did swell,  
His inward straines draue out his bloud-shot eyes;  
And springs of sweat did in his forehead ryse;  
Yet was of nought, but of a Serpent sped,  
That in his bosome flew, and stung him dead,  
And this by fate into her mind was sent,  
Not wrought by meere instinct of her intent.  
At the skarfes other end her hand did frame,  
Neere the forke point of the diuided flame,  
A Country Virgin keeping of a Vine,  
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine  
Snares for the stubble-louing Grasshopper.  
And by her lay her skrip that nourisht her.  
Within a mirtle shade she sate and sung,

And



## *Hero and Leander.*

And tufts of wauering reeds about her sprung,  
Where lurkt two foxes, that while she applide  
Her trifling snares their theeueries did diuide,  
One to the vine, another to her skrip,  
That she did negligently ouerslip,  
By which her fruitfull vine, and wholesome fare,  
She suffered spoild to make a childish snare:  
These ominous fancies did her soule expresse,  
And euery finger made a Prophetesse,  
To shew what death was hid in loues disguise,  
And make her iudgement conquer Destinies.  
O what sweet formes faire Ladies soules do shroud,  
Were they made seene & forced through their blood  
If through their beauties like rich work throgh lawn,  
They wold set forth their minds with vertues drawn  
In letting graces from their fingers flie,  
To still their yas thoughts with industry;  
That their plyed wits in numbred filkes might sing  
Passions huge conquest, and their needleffe leading  
Affection prisoner through their own built Cities,  
Pinnion'd with stories and Arachnean dities.

Proceed we now with *Heroes* sacrifice,  
She odours burne, and from their smoake did rise  
Vnsauory fumes, that ayre with plagues inspired,  
And then the consecrated sticks she fired,  
On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,  
And beat it down still as it vpward grew.

## *Hero and Leander.*

The virgin tapers that on th'altar stood,  
When she inflam'd them, burn'd as blood,  
All sad ostents of that too neere successe,  
That made such mouing beauties motionlesse:  
Then *Hero* wept, but her affrighted eyes,  
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,  
Shut them, and inwards for *Leander* lookt,  
Searcht her soft bosome, and from thence she pluckt  
His louely picture, which when she had view'd,  
Her beauties were with all loues ioyes renew'd.  
The Odors sweetned, and the fires burn'd cleare,  
*Leanders* forme left no ill obiect there:  
Such was his beauty that the force of light,  
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite,  
The strength of number and proportion,  
Nature had plac'd in it to make it known.  
Art was her daughter, and whathumane wits,  
For study lost, intomb'd in drossy spirits,  
After this accident (which for her glory  
*Hero* could not but make a history)  
Th'inhabitants of *Sestus* and *Abidus*,  
Did euery yeere with feasts propitious  
To faire *Leanders* picture sacrifice,  
And they were persons of especiall prize,  
That were allow'd it, as an ornament  
T'enrich their houses, for the continent  
Of the strange vertues all approu'd it held,

For



## *Hero and Leander.*

For euen the very looke of it repeld  
All blastings, witch-crafts, and the strifes of nature,  
In those diseases that no hearbes could cure.  
The wolfeie sting of auarice it would pull,  
And make the rankest Miser bountifull;  
It kild the feare of thunder, and of death,  
The discords that conceit ingendreth  
Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease,  
The flames of loue it quencht, and would increase,  
Held in a Princes hand, it would put out  
The dreadfulst Comet, it would ease all doubt  
Of threatned mischiefes, it would bring asleepe  
Such as were mad, it would enforce to weepe  
Most barbarous eyes, and many more effects  
This picture wrought, and sprung *Leandrean* sects,  
Of vvhich was *Hero* first; For he whose forme  
(Held in her hand) cleer'd such a fatall storme,  
From hell she thought his person would defend her,  
Which night and *Hellepont* vvhould quickly send her:  
With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite  
All thought of any checke to her delite,  
And in contempt of silly bashfulnesse  
She would the faith of her desires professe,  
Where her religion should be policy,  
To follow loue with zeale, her pietie,  
Her Chamber her Cathedrall Church should be,  
And her *Leander* her chiefe deitie.

## *Hero and Leander.*

For in her loue these did the gods forgoe,  
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,  
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart  
Did greatest hold in her selfe greatest part,  
That she did make her god, and 't was lesse nought,  
To leaue gods in profession, and in thought,  
Than in her loue and life, for therein lies  
Most of her duties, and their dignities,  
And raile the braine-bald world at what it will,  
That's the grand Atheisme that raignes in't still.  
Yet singularity she would vse no more,  
For she was singular too much before;  
But she would please the world with faire pretext,  
Loue would not leaue her conscience perplexed,  
Great men that will haue lesse doe for them still,  
Must beare them out though th'acts be ne're so ill.  
Meannesse must Pander be to Excellence,  
Pleasure attones Falshood and Conscience,  
Dissembling was the worst (thought *Hero* then)  
And that was best, now she must liue with men :  
O vertuous loue that taught her to doe best,  
When she did worst, and when she thought it lest.  
Thus would she still proceed in works diuine,  
And in her sacred state of priest-hood shine,  
Handling the holy rites, with hands as bold,  
As if therein she did *Ioues* thunder hold,  
And need not feare those menaces of error,

Which



## *Hero and Leander.*

Which she at others threw with greatest terror,  
O louely *Hero*, nothing is thy sinne,  
Waid with those foule faults other Priests are in,  
That hauing neither faiths, nor works, nor bewties,  
T'engender any sense for slubberd duties,  
With as much countnance fill their holy chaires,  
And sweat denouncements 'gainst profane affaires,  
As if their liues were cut out by their places,  
And they the only fathers of the graces.

Now as with settled mind she did repaire  
Her thoughts to sacrifice, her rauisht haire  
And her torne robe which on the altar lay,  
And onely for Religions fire did stay,  
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,  
In such a valley as the world did threaten,  
Giuen *Venus* as she parted th'ayry spheare,  
Discending now to chide with *Hero* here,  
When suddenly the goddesse waggoners,  
The Swans and Turtles that in coupled pheres,  
Through all worlds bosomes draw her influence  
Lighted in *Heroes* window, and from thence  
To her faire shoulders flew the gentle doues,  
Gracefull *Aedone* that sweet pleasure loues,  
And rus-foote *Chreste* with the tufted crowne,  
Both which did kisse her, thogh their goddesse frown  
The Swans did in the solid floud her glasse  
Proine their plumes, of which the fairest was,

## *Hero and Leander.*

*Ioue*-lou'd *Leucote*, that pure brightnesse is,  
The other bounty-louing *Dapsilis*.  
All were in heauen, now they vvith *Hero* were,  
But *Venus* lookes brought vvrath, and vrged feare.  
Her robe was skarlet, blacke her heads attire,  
And through her naked brest shin'd streames of fire,  
As when the rarified ayre is driuen  
In flashing streames, and opes the darkned heauen.  
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore,  
And breaking th'icie vvreath sweet *Hero* vvore,  
She forst about her browes her wreath of yew,  
And sayd, now minion to thy fate be true,  
Though not to me, indure what this portends,  
Beginne where lightnesse vvill, in shame it ends.  
Loue makes thee cunning, thou art currant novv,  
By being conterfait, thy broken vovv,  
Deceit vvith her pyde garters must reioine,  
And with her stampe thou count'nances must coine,  
Coyne, and pure deceits for purities,  
And still a mayd vvilt seeme in cosoned eyes,  
And haue an anticke face to laugh vvithin,  
While thy smooth looks makes men digest thy sin.  
But since thy lips (lest thought forsvorne) forsvore,  
Be neuer Virgins novv vvith trusting more.

When Beauties dearest did her goddesse heare,  
Breath such rebukes 'gainst that she could not cleare,  
Dumbe sorrovv spake alovv'd in teares and blood,

That



## *Hero and Leander.*

That from her grieve burst veines in piteous flood,  
From the sweet conduits of her fauor fell,  
The gentle Turtles did with mones make swell  
Their shining gorges, the white blacke-ey'd Swans  
Did sing as wotull Epicedians.  
As they would straightwaies dy, when pitties Queen  
The goddesse *Ecce*, that had euer beene  
Hid in a watry cloud neere *Heroes* cries,  
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,  
Gaue bright *Leucote* voice, and made her speake,  
To ease her anguish, whose swoln brest did breake  
With anger at her goddesse, that did touch  
*Hero* so neere for that she vs'd so much,  
And thrusting her white necke at *Venus*, sayd,  
Why may not amorous *Hero* seeme a maid,  
Though she be none, as well as you suppress,  
In modest cheekes your inward wantonnesse?  
How often haue we drawne you from aboue,  
T' exchange with mortals, rites for rites in loue?  
Why in your Priest then call you that offence,  
That shines in you, and in your influence?  
With this the furies stopt *Leucotes* lips,  
Enioin'd by *Venus*, who with rosie whips  
Beate the kind Bird: Fierce lightning from her eyes  
Did set on fire faire *Heroes* sacrifice,  
Which was her torne robe, and inforced haire,  
And the bright flame became a mayd most faire

For

## *Hero and Leander.*

For her aspect, her tresses were of wire,  
Knit like a net, where hearts all set on fire,  
Struggled in pants, and could not get releast,  
Her armes were all with golden pinsers drest,  
And twenty fashiond knots, pullies and brakes,  
And all her body girdled with painted snakes.  
Her downe parts in a Scorpions taile combin'd,  
Freckled with twenty colours, pyed wings shin'd  
Out of her shoulders. Cloth had neuer dye,  
Nor sweeter colours neuer viewed eye,  
In scorching *Turkie*, *Cares*, *Tartarie*,  
Then shin'd about this spirit notorious,  
Nor was *Arachnes* web so glorious,  
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot,  
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.  
Her name was *Eronusis*, *Venus* flew  
From *Heroes* sight, and at her Chariot drew,  
This wondrous creature to so steepe a height,  
That all the world she might command with sleight  
Of her gay wings, and then she bad her haste,  
Since *Hero* had dissembled, and disgraste  
Her rites so much, and euery breast infect  
With her deceites, she made her Architect  
Of all dissimulation, and since then  
Neuer was any trust, in maids nor men.

O it spighted  
Faire *Venus* heart to see her most delighted,

And



## *Hero and Leander.*

And one she chus'd for temper of her mind,  
To be the onely ruler of her kind,  
So soone to let her Virgin race be ended,  
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,  
But that in strife for chastnes with the Moone,  
Spitefull *Diana* bad her shew but one  
That was her seruant vowed, and liu'd a mayd,  
And now she thought to answer that vpbrayd:  
*Hero* had lost her answere, who knowes not  
*Venus* would seeme as far from any spot  
Of light demeanor, as the very skin  
Twixt *Cynthias* browes? sin is asham'd of sin.  
Vp *Venus* flew, and scarce durst vp for feare  
Of *Phoebes* laughter, when she past her sphere,  
And so most vgly clouded was the light  
That day was hid in day, night came ere night,  
And *Venus* could not through the thicke aire pierce,  
Till the daies king, god of vndanted verse,  
Because she was so plentitull a theame,  
To such as wore his Lawrell *Anademe*;  
Like to a fiery bullet made descent,  
And from her passage those fat vapors rent,  
That being not thoroughly rarefi'd to raine,  
Melted like pitch as blue as any vaine,  
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrinke  
Vnder their seruor, and the world did thinke  
In euery drop a torturing spirit flew,

## *Hero and Leander.*

It pierst so deeply, and it burn'd so blue,  
Betwixt all this and *Hero*, *Hero* held  
*Leanders* picture as a Persian shield,  
And she was free from feare of worst successe:  
The more ill threats vs, we suspect the lesse.  
As we grow haplesse, violence subtile grows, (knows.  
Dumbe, deafe and blinde, and comes when no man  
*The end of the fourth Sestyad.*



### The Argument of the Fifth SESTYAD.

Day doubles her accustom'd date,  
As loth the night, incens'd by fate,  
Should wracke our louers, Heroes plight  
Longs for *Leander* and the night,  
which, ere her thirsty wish recouers:  
She sends for two betrothed louers,  
And marries them, that (with their crue  
Their sports and ceremonies due)  
She couertly might celebrate,  
with secret ioy her own estate.  
She makes a feast, at which appeares  
The wild Nymph *Teras*, that still beares  
An *Iuory Lute*, tels ominous tales,  
And sings at solemne festiuals.

**N**OW was bright *Hero* weary of the day,  
Thought an Olympiad in *Leanders* stay.

*Sol,*



## *Hero and Leander.*

*Sol*, and the soft-foot *Houres* hung on his armes  
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harmes :  
That day *Aurora* double grace obtain'd  
Of her loue *Phoebus*, she his horses rain'd,  
Set on his golden knee, and as she list  
She puld him backe, and as she puld, she kist  
To haue him turne to bed, he lou'd her more  
To see the loue *Leander* *Hero* bore,  
Examples profite much ten times in one,  
In persons full of note good deeds are done.

Day was so long, men walking fell asleepe,  
The heauy humors that their eyes did steepe, (beds  
Made them feare mischiefs. The hard streets were  
For couetous *Churles*, and for ambitious heads,  
That spight of Nature would their businesse ply.  
All thought they had the falling *Epilepsie*,  
Men groueld so vpon the smother'd ground,  
And pittie did the heart of heauen confound :  
The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came  
Downe to the Destinies, to stay the frame  
Of the true louers deaths, and all worldls reares,  
But death before had stopt their cruell cares.  
All the Celestials parted mourning then,  
Pierst with our humane miseries, more then men :  
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischiefe fill,  
But want of feeling one anothers ill.

With their descent the day grew something faire

## *Hero and Leander.*

And cast a brighter robe vpon the ayre.  
*Hero* to shorten time with merriment,  
For young *Alcmane*, and bright *Mia* sent;  
Two Louers that had long craud marriage dues  
At *Heroes* hands; but she did still refuse:  
For louely *Mya* was her consort vow'd  
In her maid itate, and therefore not allow'd  
To amorous Nuptials: yet faire *Hero* now  
Intended to dispence with her cold vow,  
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:  
The rites would pleasing matter minister  
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.  
They came; sweet musicke vs herd th'odorous way,  
And wanton Ayre in twenty sweet formes danc't  
After her fingers; beautie and loue aduanc't  
Their Ensignes in the downelesse rosie faces  
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.  
For all these, *Hero* made a friendly feast,  
Welcom'd them kindly, did much loue protest,  
Winning their hearts with all the meanes she might,  
That when her fault should chance t'abide the light,  
Their loues might couer or extenuate it,  
And high in her worst fate make pitie sit.

She married them, and in the banquet came,  
Borne by the Virgins; *Hero* striu'd to frame  
Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me, but hard it is  
To imitate a false and forced blis:



## *Hero and Leander.*

Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,  
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.  
Then layd she wine on cares to make them sinke ;  
*Who feares the threats of fortune, let him drinke.*

To these quicke Nuptials entred suddenly,  
Admired *Teras*, with the Ebon Thye,  
A Nymph that haunted the greene *Sestian* groues,  
And would consort soft Virgins in their loues.  
At gay some triumphs, and on solemne dayes,  
Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes:  
And fingring of a siluer Lute she tyde  
With blacke and purple skarfes by her left side.  
*Apollo* gaue it and her skill withall,  
And she was term'd his dwarfe, she was so small,  
Yet great in vertue, for his beames inclos'd  
His vertues in her, neuer was propos'd  
Riddle to her, or augury strange or new,  
But she resolu'd it, neuer sleight tale flew  
From her charm'd lips, without important sence,  
Shew'n in some graue succeeding consequence.

This little Siluane with her songs and tales,  
Gaue such estate to feasts and Nuptials,  
That though oft-times she forewent Tragedies,  
Yet for her strangeness still she pleas'd her eyes,  
And for her smalnesse they admir'd her so,  
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.  
All eyes were on her; *Hero* did command

## *Hero and Leander.*

An Altar deckt with sacred state should stand  
At the Feasts vpper end, close by the Bride,  
On which the pretty Nymph might sit elpide.  
Then all were silent, euery one so heares,  
As all their senses climb'd into their eares;  
And first this amorous tale that fitted well,  
Faure *Hero* and the Nuptials she did tell.

### *The tale of Teras.*

*Hymen* that now is god of Nuptiall rites,  
And crowns with honour loue and his delites,  
Of *Athens* was a youth so sweet of face,  
That many thought him of the female race,  
Such quickning brightnesse did his cleare eyes dart,  
Warne went their beames to his beholders heart.  
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,  
That there your Nuptiall contracts first were sign'd:  
For as proportion white and crimson meet  
In beauties mixture, all right cleare and sweet,  
The eye responsible, the golden haire,  
And none is held without the other, faure;  
All spring together, all together fade:  
Such intexmixt affection should inuade  
Two perfect louers, which being yet vnseene,  
Their vertues and their comforts coppied beene,  
In beauties concord, subiect to the eye,  
And that in *Hymen*, pleas'd so matchlesly,  
That louers were esteem'd in their full grace:

Like



## *Hero and Leander.*

Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymens* face,  
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then  
Of torches, musicke, feasts, and greatest men;  
So *Hymen* lookt, that euen the chastest mind,  
Hemou'd to ioyne in ioyes of sacred kind,  
For onely now his chins first down consoorted  
His heads rich fleece, in golden curls contorted,  
And as he was so lou'd, he lou'd so too.  
So should best beauties, bound by Nuptials doo.

Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men sayd  
The noblest, fairest, and the richest mayd  
Of all th' *Athenian* damfels, *Hymen* lou'd  
With such transmission, that his heart remou'd  
From his white brest to hers, but her estate,  
In passing is, was so interminate.  
For wealth and honour, that his loue durst feed,  
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed  
Hope of requitall, the grand prize of loue,  
Nor could he heare or see, but he must proue,  
How his rare beauties musicke would agree  
With maids in consort, therefore robbed he  
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,  
And clad in such attire as Virgins wore;  
He kept them company, and might right well,  
For he did all but *Eucharis* excell  
In all the faire of beauty, yet he wanted  
Vertue to make his owne desires implanted,

In

## *Hero and Leander.*

In his deare *Eucaris*, for women neuer  
Loue beautie in their Sex, but enuy euer.  
His iudgement yet (that durst not suit addresse,  
Nor past due meanes; presume of due successe)  
Reason gat fortune in the end to speed  
To his best preies, but strange it seem'd indeed,  
That fortune should a chaste affection blesse.  
*Preferment* seldome graceth bashfulnesse.  
Nor grac'd it *Hymen* yet, but many a dart  
And many an amorous thought inthral'd his heart,  
Ere he obtained her, and he sicke became,  
Forc'd to abstaine her sight, and then the flame  
Rag'd in his bosome. O what griefe did fill him,  
Sight made him sicke, and want of sight did kill him.  
The Virgins wondred where *Dietia* stayd,  
For so did *Hymen* terme himselfe a Mayd:  
At length, with sickly lookes he greeted them.  
'T is strange to see 'gainst what an extreame streame,  
A louer striues, poore *Hymen* lookt so ill,  
That as in merit he increased still,  
By suffering much, so he in grace decreast.  
Women are most wonne when men merit least:  
If merit lookenot well, loue bids stand by,  
Loues speciall lesson is to please the eye.  
And *Hymen* soon recouering all he lost,  
Deceuing still these maids, but himselfe most.  
His Loue and he with many Virgin dames,

Noble



## *Hero and Leander.*

Noble by birth, noble by beauties flames,  
Leaving the towne with songs and hallowed lights,  
To doe great *Ceres Eleusina* rites  
Of zealous sacrifice were made a pray  
To barbarous Rovers that in ambush lay,  
And with rude hands entorst their shining spoyle,  
Farre from the darkned City, tir'd with toyle.  
And when the yellow issue of the skie  
Came trouping forth iealous of cruelty,  
To their bright fellowes of this vnder heauen,  
Into a double night they saw them driuen,  
A horrid Caue, the theeues blacke mansion,  
Where weary of the iourney they had gone, (gains,  
Their last nights watch, and drunke with their sweet  
Dull *Morpheus* entred, laden with silken chains,  
Stronger then yron, and bound the swe'ling vaines,  
And tired senses of these lawlesse Swaines:  
But when the Virgin lights thus dimly burn'd,  
O what a hell was heauen in? how they mournd  
And wrung their hands, & wound their gentle forms  
Into the shapes of sorrow, golden stormes  
Fell from their eyes: As when the sun appeares  
And yet it raines, so shew'd their eyes their teares.  
And as when funerall dames watch a dead corse,  
Weeping about it, telling with remorse  
What paines he felt, how long in paine he lay,  
How little food he ate, what he would say;

## *Hero and Leander.*

And then mixe mournfull tales of others deaths,  
Smothering theselues in clouds of their own breaths:  
At length, one chearing other, call for wine,  
The golden bowle drinke teares out of their eyne,  
As they drinke wine from it, and round it goes,  
Each helping other to relieue their woes:  
So cast these Virgins beauties mutuall rayes,  
One lights another, face the face displayes,  
Lips by reflection kist, and hands hands shooke,  
Euen by the whitenesse each of other tooke.

But *Hymen* now vs'd friendly *Morpheus* ayd,  
Slew euery theefe, and rescu'd euery mayd:  
And now did his enamour'd passion take  
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make  
His hope of bounteous *Eucharis* more strong,  
And now came *Loue* with *Proteus*, who had long  
Iuggl'd the little god with prayers and gifts,  
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,  
To win *Loues* stay with him, and make him loue him.  
And when he saw no strength of sleight could moue  
To make him loue, or stay, he nimbly turnd (him  
Into *Loues* selfe, he so extreame ly burnd.

And thus came *Loue* with *Proteus* and his powre,  
T' encounter *Eucharis*, first, like the flowre  
That *Iuno*s milke did spring the siluer Lilly,  
He fell on *Hymens* hand, who straight did spie  
The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous ioy

Offered



## *Hero and Leander.*

Offered in *Eucharts*. She wondrous coy  
Drew backe her hand, the subtle flower dit woo it,  
And drawing it neere, mixt so you could not know it.  
As two cleere tapers mixe in one their light,  
So did the Lilly and the hand their white;  
She view'd it, and her view the forme bestowes  
Amongst her spirits, for as colour flowes  
From superficies of each thing we see,  
Euen so with colours formes emitted be,  
And where Loues forme is, loue is, loue is forme:  
He entred at the eye, his sacred storme  
Rose from the hand loues sweetest instrument.  
It stird her bloods sea so, that high it went,  
And beat in bashfull waues 'gainst the white shore  
Of her diuided cheekes, it rag'd the more,  
Because their tide went 'gainst the haughty wind  
Of her estate and birth, and as we find  
In fainting ebs, the flowry Zephire hurles.  
The green-hair'd *Hellepont*, broke in siluer curles  
'Gainst *Heroes* towre, but in his blasts retreat,  
The waues obeying him, they after beat,  
Leauing the chalky shore a great way pale,  
Then moist it freshly with another gale  
So ebb'd and flow'd in *Eucharis* face,  
Coynesse and Loue striu'd which had greatest grace,  
Virginitie did fight on Coynesse side,  
Feare of her Parents frownes, and temall pride,

## *Hero and Leander.*

Lothing the lower place more then it loues  
The high contents, desert and vertue moues.  
With loue fought *Hymens* beauty and his valure,  
Which scarce could so much valure yet allure  
To come to strike, but famelesse idle stood.

*Action is fiery valours soueraigne good.*

But Loue once entred, with no greater ayd,  
Then he could find within, thought, thought betraid  
The brib'd, but incorrupted garrison,  
Sung *Io Hymen*, there those songs begun,  
And Loue was growne so rich with such a gaine,  
And wanton with the ease of his tree raigne,  
That he would turne into her roughest frownes  
To turne them out, and thus he *Hymen* crownes,  
King of his thoughts, mans greatest Emperie,  
This was his first braue step to deity.

Home to the mourning City they repaire,  
With newes as wholsome as the morning ayre,  
To the sad Parents of each saued mayd,  
But *Hymen* and his *Eucharis* had layd  
This plot, to make the flame of their delight  
Round as the Moone at full, and full as bright.

Because the Parents of chaste *Eucharis*  
Exceeding *Hymens* so, might crosse their blisse,  
And as the world rewards de erts, that law  
Cannot assist with force, so when they saw  
Their daughter safe, take vantage of their owne,

Praise



## *Hero and Leander.*

Praise *Hymens* valour much, nothing bestowne,  
*Hymen* must leaue the Virgins in a groue  
Farre off from *Athens*, and go first to proue  
If to restore them all with fame and life,  
He should enioy his dearest as his wife.  
This told to all the mayds, the most agree,  
The riper sort knowing what 't is to bee  
The first mouth of a newes so farre deriu'd,  
And that to heare and beare newes braue folk liu'd,  
As being a carriage speciall hard to beare  
Occurrents, these occurrents being so deare;  
They did with grace protest, they were content  
T'accost their friends with all their complement  
For *Hymens* good, but to incurre their harme,  
There he must pardon them. This wit went warme,  
To *Adoleshes* braine, a Nymph borne hic,  
Made all of voice and fire, that vpwards flie,  
Her heart and all her forces neither traine,  
Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her braine;  
Since it could goe no higher, and it must goe,  
All powers she had euen her tongue did so,  
In spirit and quicknesse she much ioy did take,  
And lou'd her tongue, only for quicknesse sake,  
And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay,  
*Hymen* goes on, the Nymph another way:  
And what became of her Ile tell at last,  
Yet take her visage now, moitt lipt, long fac'd,

## *Hero and Leander.*

Thin like an yron wedge, so sharpe and tart,  
As 'twere of purpose made to cleaue Lones heart.  
Well were this louely beauty rid of her,  
And *Hymen* did at *Athens* now prefer  
His welcome suit, which he with ioy aspir'd,  
A hundred princely youthes with him retir'd  
To fetch the Nymphes, Chariots and musicke went;  
And home they came heauen with applauses rent.  
The Nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the towne,  
Fresh in their ioyes might do them most renowne.  
First gold-lockt *Hymen* did to Church repaire,  
Like a quicke offering burnd in flames of haire;  
And after with a Virgin firmament,  
The godhead-prouing Bride, attended went  
Before them, she lookt in her command,  
As if forme-giuing *Cyprias* siluer hand  
Grip'd all their beauties, and crusht out one flame,  
She blusht to see how beauty ouercame  
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went  
Fiue louely children deckt with ornament  
Of her sweet colours, bearing Torches by,  
For light was held a happy augury  
Of generation, whose efficient right,  
Is nothing else but to produce to light.  
The od disparent number, they did chuse  
To shew the vnion married lones should vse,  
Since in two equall parts it will not seuer,

But



## *Hero and Leander.*

But the midst holds one to reioine it euer,  
As common to both parts, men therefore deeme,  
That equall number gods do not esteeme,  
Being authors of sweet peace and vnity,  
But pleasing to th'infernall Empery;  
Vnder whose ensignes Wars and Discords fight,  
Since an euen number you may disunite  
In two parts equall, nought in middle left,  
To reunite each part from other rest:  
And fiae they hold in most especiall prise,  
Since 'tis the first od number that doth rise  
From the two formost numbers vnity  
That od and euen are, which are two and three,  
For one no number is, but thence doth flow  
The powerfull race of number. Next did goe  
A noble Matron that did spinning beare  
A Huswifes rocke and spindle, and did weare  
A Weathers skin, with all the snowy fleece;  
To intimate, that euen the daintiest peece,  
And noblest borne dame should industrious be.  
That which does good, disgraceth no degree.

And now to *Iunos* temple they are come,  
Where her graue Priest stood in the mariage roome:  
On his right hand did hang a skarlet vaile,  
And from his shoulders to the ground did traile  
On either side, ribands of white and blew,  
With the red vaile he hid the bashtull heu

## *Hero and Leander.*

Of the chaste Bride, to shew the modest shame,  
In coupling with a man should grace a dame.  
Then tooke he the dispairent silkes, and tide  
The louers by the waits, and side to side,  
In token that thereafter they must binde  
In one selte sacred knot each others minde ;  
Before them on an altar he presented  
Both fire and water, which was first inuented,  
Since to ingenerate euery humane creature,  
And euery other birth produc't by nature,  
Moisture and heat must mixe, so man and wife  
For humane race must ioine in nuptiall life.  
The one of *Iunoes* birds, the painted Iay,  
He sacrific'd, and tooke the gall away.  
All which he did behinde the altar throw,  
In signe no hate of bitternesse should grow  
'Twixt married loues, nor any least disdain.  
Nothing they spake, for 't was esteem'd too plaine  
For the most filken mildnes of a mayd,  
To let a publike audience heare it sayd,  
She boldy tooke the man, and so respected,  
Was bathfulnesse in *Athens*, it erected  
To chaste *Agneia*, which is shamefastnesse  
A sacred Temple, holding her a goddesse.  
And now to Feasts, Masks, and triumphant shewes,  
The shining troupes returnd, even till earth throwes  
Brought forth vvith ioy the thickest part of night,  
When



## *Hero and Leander.*

When the sweet Nuptiall song that vs'd to cite  
All to their rest, was by *Phemonor* sung,  
First *Delphean* Prophetesse, whose graces sprung  
Out of the *Muses*, well she sung before  
The Bride into her Chamber, at which dore,  
A Matron and a Torch-bearer did stand,  
A painted box of Confits in her hand,  
The Matron held, and so did othersome  
That compast round the honoured Nuptiall roome.  
The custome was that euery mayd did weare,  
During her maiden head, a silken sphere,  
About her waste, about her inmost weed,  
Knit with *Mineruas* knot, and that was freed  
By the faire Bridegroome on the marriage night,  
With many Ceremonies of delight,  
And yet eterniz'd *Hymens* tender Bride,  
To suffer it dissolu'd so sweetly cride.  
The maids that heard, so lou'd, and did adore her,  
They wisht with all their hearts, to suffer for her,  
So had the Matrons that with Confits stood  
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,  
And so true feeling of her harmelesse paines;  
That euery one a showre of Confits raines.  
For which the Bride youths scrábling on the ground  
In noyse of that sweet haile their cries were drownd.  
And thus blest *Hymen* ioyd his gracious Bride,  
And for his ioy was after deifide.

L

The

## *Hero and Leander.*

The Saffron myrror by which *Phoebus* loue,  
Greene *Tellus* deckes her, now he held aboue  
The cloudy mountaines, and the noble mayd,  
Sharpe-visag'd *Adolesche*, that was strayd  
Out of her way in hasting with her newes,  
Not till his houre th' *Athenian* terrets viewes;  
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,  
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,  
And how faire *Hymens* honours did excell  
For those rare newes, which she came short to tell,  
To heare her deare tongue rob'd of such a ioy,  
Made the well spoken Nymph take such a toy,  
That downe she sunke, when lightning from aboue,  
Shrunke her leane body, and for meere free loue,  
Turn'd her into the pyed-plum'd *Psittacus*,  
That now the Parrat is surnam'd by vs;  
Who still with counterfait confusion prates,  
Nought bnt news common to the commonst mates.  
This told, strange *Teras* toucht her Lute and sung  
This ditty, that the torchy euening sprung.

### *Epithalmion Teratos.*

Come, come deare night, loues Mart of kisses,  
Sweet close of his ambitious line,  
The fruitfull summer of his blisses  
Loues glory doth in darknesse shine,  
O come soft rest of Cares, come night,

Come



## *Hero and Leander.*

Come naked vertues onely tire,  
The reapest haruest of the light,  
Bound vp in sheaues of sacred fire.

*Loue cals to warre,  
Sighes his alarmes,  
Lips his swords are,  
The field his armes.*

Come night and lay thy veluet hand  
On glorious Dayes outfacing face,  
And all thy crowned flames command,  
For torches to our Nuptiall grace.

*Loue cals to warre,  
Sighes his alarmes,  
Lips his swords are,  
The field his armes.*

No need haue we of factious Day,  
To cast in enuy of thy peace,  
Her bals of Discord in thy way,  
Her beauties day doth neuer cease;  
Day is abstracted here,  
And varied in a triple sphere.

*Hero, Alemene, Mya,* so outshine thee,  
Ere thou come here let *Thetis* thrice refine thee.

*Loue cals to warre,  
Sighes his alarmes,  
Lips his swords are,  
The field his armes.*

## *Hero and Leander.*

The euening starre I see,  
Rise youthes the euening starre,  
Helpes loue to summon warre,  
Both now imbracing be. (rise

Rise youthes, loues right claims more then bankets,  
Now the bright Marigolds that decke the skies,  
*Phoebus* celestiaall flowers, that (contrary  
To his flowers here) ope when he shuts his eye,  
And shuts when he doth open, crowne your sports,  
Now loue in night, and night in loue exhorts,  
Courtship and Dances : all your parts employ,  
And sute nights rich expansure with your ioy,  
Loue paints his longings in sweet Virgins eyes, (rise,  
Rise youthes, loues right claims more then bankets,  
Rise Virgins, let faire Nuptiall loues infold  
Your fruitlesse breasts, the maiden-heads ye hold  
Are not your owne alone, but parted are,  
Part in disposing them your Parents share  
And that a third part is, so must ye saue ;  
Your loues a third, and you your thirds must haue.  
Loue paints his longings in sweet Virgins eyes; (rise.  
Rise youths, loues right claimes more then bankets,

Herewith the amorous spirit that was so kind  
To *Teras* haire, and comb'd it downe with wind,  
Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine,  
Would needs haue *Teras* gone, and did refraine  
To blow it downe, which staring vp dismayd

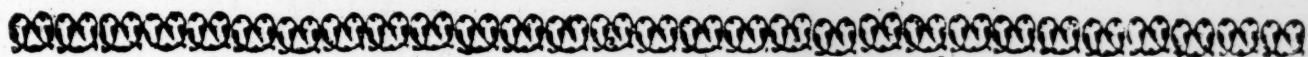
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## *Hero and Leander.*

The timorous feast, and she no longer stayd,  
But bowing to the Bridegroom and the Bride,  
Did like a shooting exhalation glide  
Out of their sights, the turning of her backe  
Made them all shrieke, it lookt so ghastly blacke.  
O haplesse *Hero* that most haplesse clowd,  
Thy soone succeeding Tragedy foreshew'd:  
Thus all the Nuptiall crue to ioyes depart,  
But much-rong *Hero* stood hels blackest dart,  
Whose wound because I grieue so to display,  
I vse digressions thus t'increase the day.

*The end of the fifth Sestiad.*



## The Argument of the Sixth SESTYAD.

*Leucote flies to all the windes,  
And from the fates their outrage blindes,  
That Hero and her loue may meete.  
Leander (with Loues compleat fleet  
Mand in himselfe) puts forth to Seas,  
When straight the ruthlesse Destinies,  
With Art stir the winds to warre  
Vpon the Hellespont: Their iarres  
Drowne poore Leander. Heroes eyes  
wet witnessses of his surprise,  
Her Torch blowne out: Griefe casts her downe  
Vpon her loue, and both doth drowne,*

## *Hero and Leander.*

*In whose iust ruth the God of Seas  
Transformes them to th' Acantides.*

**N**O longer could the day nor Destinies  
Delay the night, who now did frowning rise  
Into her Throne, and at her humorous breasts,  
Visions and dreames lay sucking, all mens rests  
Fell like the mists of death vpon their eyes,  
Dayes too long darts so kild their faculties.  
The winds yet, like the flowres to cease began,  
For bright *Leucote*, *Venus* whitest Swan,  
That held sweet *Hero* deare, spred her faire wings,  
Like to a field of snow, and message brings  
From *Venus* to the fates, t'intreat them lay  
Their charge vpon the winds, their rage to stay,  
That the sterne battell of the Seas might cease,  
And guard *Leander* to his loue in peace.  
The Fates consent (aye me dissembling Fates)  
They shewd their fauours to conceale their hates,  
And draw *Leander* on, lest seas too hie  
Should stay his too obsequious Destiny,  
Who like a fleeting flauish Parasite,  
In warping profit or a trayterous sleight,  
Hoopes round his rotten body with deuotes,  
And prickes his descant face full of false notes,  
Praying with open throat (and oathes as fowle  
As his false heart) the bewty of an Owle,  
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,  
That



## *Hero and Leander.*

That cannot leaue, but leapes vpon his lips  
Like a Cocke-sparrow, or a shamelesse queane,  
Sharpe at a red-lipt youth, and nought doth meane  
Of all his anticke shewes, but doth repaire  
More tender fawnes, and takes a scattered haire  
From his tame subiects shoulder whips and cals  
For euery thing he lackes; creepes against the wals  
With backward humbleness, to giue needlesse way,  
Thus his false fate did with *Leander* play.

First to blacke *Eurus* flyes the white *Leucote*,  
Borne amongst the Negros in the Leuant sea,  
On whose curled head the glowing Sun doth rise,  
And shewes the soueraigne will of Destinies,  
To haue him cease his blasts, and downe he lyes.  
Next to the fenny *Notus*, course she holds,  
And found him leaning with his armes in folds  
Vpon a rocke, his white haire full of showres,  
And him she chargeth by the fatall powres,  
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice,  
To *Zephire* then that doth in flowres reioyce,  
To snake-foot *Boreas* next she did remoue,  
And found him tossing of his rauisht loue,  
To heate his frosty bosome hid in snow,  
Who with *Leucotes* fight did cease to blow.  
Thus all were still to *Heroes* hearts desire,  
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire  
Of flaming gummes, and comfortable spice,

To

## *Hero and Leander.*

To light her torch, which in such curious price  
She held, being obiekt to *Leanders* fight,  
That nought but fires perfum'd must giue it light:  
She lou'd it so, she grieu'd to see it burne,  
Since it would waste, and soone to ashes turne,  
Yet if it burn'd not, 't were not worth her eyes,  
What made it nothing, gaue it all the prize.  
Sweet torch, true glasse of our society;  
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?  
But thou wert lou'd for good, held high, giuen show,  
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obscur'd, held low.  
Doe good, be pin'd, be deedlesse good disgrast,  
Vnlesse we feed on men, we let them fast.  
Yet *Hero* with these thoughts her torch did spend;  
When Bees make waxe, Nature doth not intend  
It should be made a torch, but we that know  
The proper vertue of it, make it so,  
And when 't is made, we light it: nor did nature  
Propose one life to Maids, but each such creature  
Makes by her soule the best of her true state.  
Which without loue is rude, disconsolate,  
And wants loues fire to make it milde and bright,  
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.  
Thus 'gainst our griefe, not cause of griefe we fight,  
The right of nought is gleand, but the delight.  
Vp went she, but to tell how she descended,  
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.

She



## *Hero and Leander.*

She was the rule of wishes, summe and end,  
For all the parts that did on loue depend,  
Yet cast the torch his brightnesse further forth,  
But what shines neereſt beſt, holds trueſt worth.

*Leander* did not through ſuch tempeſts ſwim  
To kiſſe the Torch, although it lighted him:  
But all his powers in her deſires awaked,  
Her loue and vertues cloth'd him richly naked.  
Men kiſſe but fire that only ſhewes purſue,  
Her torch and *Hero*, figure, ſhew and vertue.

Now at oppoſ'd *Abydus* nought was heard,  
But bleating flockes, and many a bellowing herd,  
Slaine for the Nuptials, crackes of falling woods,  
Blowes of broad axes, powrings out of floods.  
The guilty *Helleſpont* was mixt and ſtain'd  
With bloudy torrent, that the ſhambles rain'd,  
Not arguments of feaſt, but ſhewes that bled,  
Foretelling that red night that followed.  
More bloud was ſpilt, more honors were addreſt,  
Then could haue graced any happy feaſt.  
Rich banquets, triumphes, euery pompe imployes  
His ſumptuous hand, no Miſers Nuptiall ioyes.  
Aire felt continuall thunder with the noiſe,  
Made in the generall marriage violence,  
And no man knew the cauſe of this expence,  
But the two hapleſſe Lords, *Leanders* Sire,  
And poore *Leander*, pooreſt where the fire

## *Hero and Leander.*

Of credulous loue made him most rich surmis'd,  
As short was he of that himselfe he surpris'd:  
As in an empty Gallant full of forme,  
That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm,  
That fals from his braue breathings, most brought vp  
In our *Metropolis*, and hath his cup  
Brought after him to feasts, and much Palme beares,  
For his rare iudgement in th'attire he weares,  
Hath seen the hot Low Countries, not their heat  
Obserues their rampires and their buildings yet.  
And as for your sweet discourse with mouths is heard  
Giuing instructions with his very beard,  
Hath gone with an Ambassador, and been  
A great mans mate in traouelling, euen to *Rhene*.  
And then puts all his worth in such a face,  
As he saw braue men make, and striues for grace  
To get his newes forth, as when you descry  
A Ship with all her sayle contends to fly  
Out of the narrow Thames with winds vnapt,  
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt,  
And then hath one point reacht, then altars all,  
And to another crooked reach doth fall,  
Of halfe a Burd bolts shoote, keeping more coile,  
Then if she danc't vpon the oceans toyle:  
So serious is his trifling company,  
In all his swelling Ship of vacantrie.  
And so short of himselfe in his high thought,

Was



## *Hero and Leander.*

Was our *Leander* in his fortunes brought.  
And in his fort of loue that he thought won,  
But otherwise he skornes comparison.

O sweet *Leander*, thy large worth I hide  
In a short graue, ill-fauor'd stormes must chide  
Thy sacred fauour, I, in flouds of inke.  
Must drowne thy graces which white papers drinke;  
Euen as thy beauties did the foule blacke seas,  
I must describe the hell of thy disease,  
That heauen did merit, yet I needs must see  
Our painted foolcs and cockehorse pessantry,  
Still still vsurpe, with long liues, loues and lust,  
The seats of vertue, cutting short as dust  
Her deare brought issue, ill to worse conuerts,  
And tramples in the bloud of all deserts.

Night close and silent now goes fast before  
The Captaines and Souldiers to the shore,  
On whom attended the appointed fleet  
At *Sestus* bay, that should *Leander* meet.  
Who fain'd he in another Ship would passe,  
Which must not be, for no one meane there was  
To get his loue home but the course hee tooke.  
Forth did his beauty for his beauty looke,  
And saw her through her torch, as you behold  
Sometimes within the Sunne a face of gold,  
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that traditions force,  
That sayes a god sits there, and guides his course.

## *Hero and Leander.*

His sister was with him, to whom he shewed  
His guide by sea, and sayd; Oft haue you viewed  
In one heauen many starres, but neuer yet  
In one starre many heauens till now were met.  
See louely sister, see, now *Hero* shines,  
No heauen but her appeares, each star repines,  
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd  
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.  
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth vertues traine,  
Still to be constant in hells blackest raigne, (them,  
Though euen the gods themselues doe so entreat  
As they did hate, and earth as she would eate them.

Off went his filke robe, and in he leapt,  
Whom the kind waues so licorously cleapt,  
Thickning for haste one in another so,  
To kisse his skin, that he might almost goe  
To *Heroes* tower, had that kinde minute lasted,  
But now the cruell fates with *Ate* hasted  
To all the windes, and made them battell fight  
Vpon the *Hellepont*, for eithers right,  
Pretended to the windy Monarcy.  
And forth they brake, the seas mixt with the skie  
And tost distrest *Leander*, being in hell,  
As high as heauen: Blisse not in height doth dwell,  
The Destinies fate dancing on the waues,  
To see the glorious winds with mutuall braues  
Consume each other, O true glasse to see,

How



## *Hero and Leander.*

How ruinous ambitious Statists be  
To their owne glories, Poore *Leander* cried  
For helpe to sea-borne *Venus* she denied,  
To *Boreas*, that for his *Attheas* sake,  
He would some pittie on his *Hero* take;  
And for his owne loues sake on his desires,  
But glory neuer blowes cold Pitties fire.  
Then call'd he *Neptune*, who through all the noyse  
Knew with affright his wrackt *Leanders* voice,  
And vp he rose, for haste his forehead hit (smit  
'Gainst heauens hard Crystall, his proud waues hee  
With his fork't scepter, that could not obey,  
Much greater powers then *Neptunes* gaue them sway,  
They lou'd *Leander* so, in grones they brake  
When they came neere him, and such space did take  
'Twixt one another, loth to issue on,  
That in their shallow furrowes earth was shewne,  
And the poore louer tooke a little breath,  
But the curst fates fate spinning of his death  
On euery waue, and with the seruile winds  
Tumbled them on him. And now *Hero* findes  
By that she felt her deare *Leanders* state;  
She wept, and prayed for him to euery fate,  
And euery wind that whipt her with her haire  
About the face, she kist, and spake it faile,  
Kneeld to it, gaue it drinke out of her eyes  
To quench his thirst, but still their cruelties

## *Hero and Leander.*

Euen her poore Torch enuied, and rudely beate  
The bating flame from that deare foode it eate,  
Deare, for it nourisht her *Leanders* life,  
Which with her robe she rescu'd from their strife,  
But filke too soft was, such hard hearts to breake,  
And she, deare soule, euen as her filke, faint weake,  
Could not preserue it out, O out it went:  
*Leander* still call'd *Neptune*, that now rent  
His brakish curles, and tore his wrinkled face  
Where teates in billowes did each other chase  
And (burst with ruth) he hurld his marble mace,  
At the sterne Fates, it wounded *Lachesis*  
That drew *Leanders* thread, and could not misse  
The thread it selfe, as it her hand did hit,  
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.  
The more kind *Neptune* rag'd, the more he rac'd  
His loues liues fort, and kild as he embrac'd;  
Anger doth still his owne mishap encrease,  
It any comfort liue, it is in peace.  
O the smilth Fates, to let Blood, Flesh and Sence,  
Build two faire Temples for their excellence,  
To rob it with a poisoned influence.  
Though souls gifts sterue, the bodies are held deare  
In vgliest things, Sense-sport preserues a Beare.  
But here nought serues our turnes, O heauen & earth  
How most most wretched is our humane birth?  
And now did all the tyranous crue depart,

Know



## *Hero and Leander.*

Knowing there was a storme in *Heroes* heart,  
Greater then they could make, & skorn'd their smart.  
She bowed her selfe so low out of her towre,  
'That wonder't was she fell not ere her houre,  
With searching the lamenting waues for him,  
Like a poore Snaile, her gentle supple lim  
Hung on her turrets top so most downe right,  
As she would diue beneath the darknesse quite,  
To finde her Jewell, Jewell, her *Leander*,  
A name of all earths iewel's pleas'd not her  
Like his deare name, *Leander* still my choise.  
Come nought but my *Leander*, O my voice  
Turne to *Leander*, henceforth be all sounds  
Accents and phrases, that shew all griefes wounds,  
Analys'd in *Leander*, O blacke change,  
Trumpets do you with thunder of your clange  
Drive out this changes horror, my voice faints,  
Where all ioy was, now shriek out all complaints.  
Thus cryed she, for her mixed soule could tell  
Her loue was dead: And when the morning tell,  
Prostrate vpon the weeping earth for woe,  
Blushes that bled out of her cheekes did show,  
*Leander* brought by *Neptune* brus'd and torne  
With Cities ruines, he to rockes had worne,  
To filthy vsuring rockes that would haue blood,  
Though they could get of him no other good.  
She saw him, and the sight was much much more,  
Then

## *Hero and Leander.*

Then might haue seru'd to kill her, should her store  
Of giant sorrowes speake? burst, dye, bleed,  
And leaue poore plants to vs that shall succeed:  
She tell on her loues bosome, hugg'd it fast,  
And with *Leanders* name she breath'd her last.

*Neptune* for pittie in his armes did take them,  
Flung them in the ayre and did awake them.  
Like two sweet birds, surnam'd th' *Acanthides*,  
Which we call Thistle-warps, that neere no seas  
Dare euer come, but still in couples flie,  
And feed on thistle tops, to testifie  
The hardnes of their first life in their last:  
The first in thornes of loue that sorrowes past,  
And so most beautifull their colours show,  
As none (so little) like them, her sad brow  
A sable veluet feather couers quite:  
Euen like the forehead cloth that in the night,  
Or when they sorrow, Ladies vs'd to weare  
Their wings blew, red and yellow mixt appeare,  
Colours that as we construe colours paint  
Their states to life, the yellow shewes their saint,  
The dainty *Venus* left them blew, their truth,  
Their red and blacke ensignes of death and ruth.  
And thus true honour from their loue-death sprung.  
They were the first that euer Poet sung.

*FINIS.*



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